THE BYSTANDER
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MARCH 2, 1927
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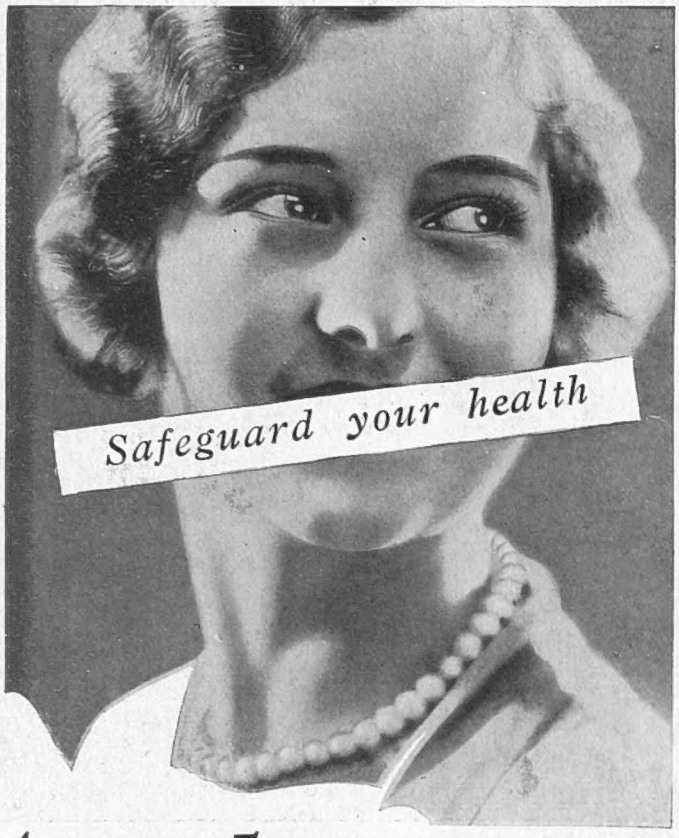

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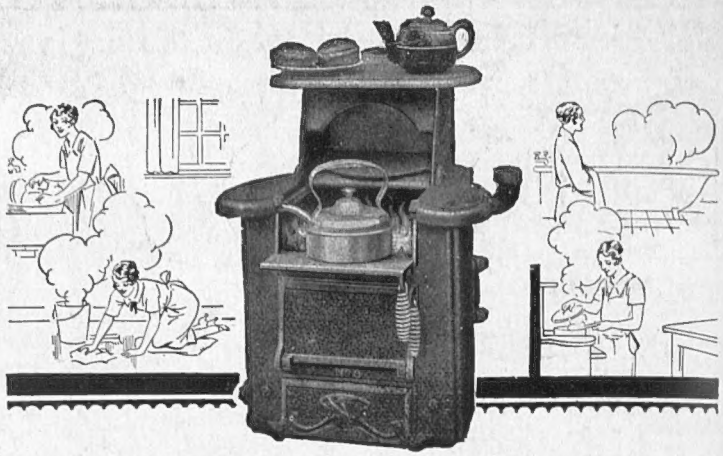

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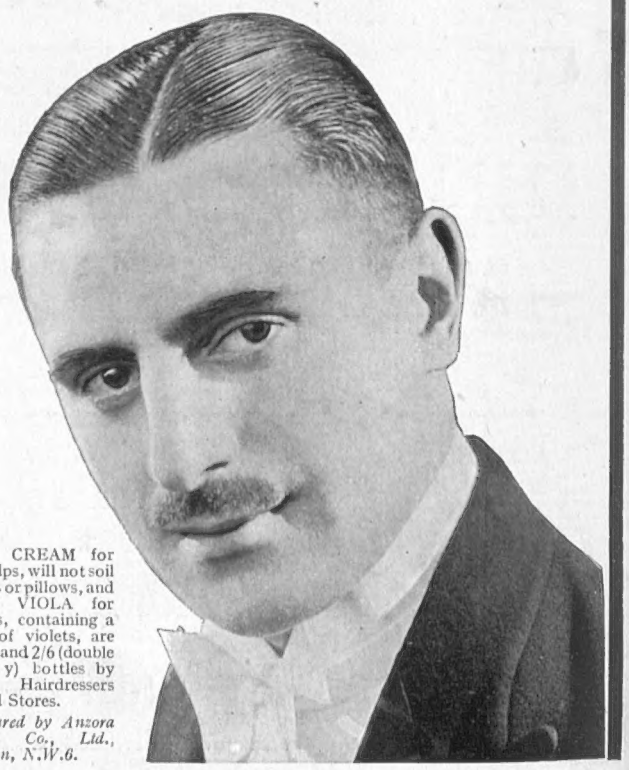

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The Bystander, March 2, 1927 No. 1211. Vol. XCIII

The BYSTANDER

THE STONE AGE

BY HARRY DIXON

The Wife of a New Baronet

Hay Wrightson

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

A charming portrait of the wife of Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, who has recently succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, the late Sir Robert Buchanan Jardine. Before her marriage in 1921 Lady Buchanan-Jardine was Miss Jean Hamilton, the daughter of Lord Ernest Hamilton

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

G.P.U

THE PRINCE AT BIRMINGHAM

The Prince of Wales photographed on the occasion of his visit to the Birmingham Section of the British Industries Fair at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham. The Prince is seen being received by the Mayor of Birmingham

G.P.U.

ROYALTY AT SHOREDITCH

Prince George photographed at the Shoreditch Town Hall, where he attended a fancy dress dance. Prince George is rapidly taking place with his brothers in their routine of attending functions

The Queen and the Cinema

THE Queen's many engagements do not permit of frequent visits to the cinema, but Her Majesty had a double interest in the special performance of *The Legend of the Willow Pattern Plate* at the New Gallery last week. First, because it was in aid of the Queen Alexandra wing of the new Middlesex Hospital and St. Monica's Home Hospital for Children, and secondly because Prince George saw much of the filming done when he was on the China station, and had described it in his letters to the Queen.

The Legend of the Willow Pattern Plate tells the story of two faithful lovers according to the Chinese legend, which is a very different matter from our nursery explanations, beginning, "Two little birds were flying high, A little boat just passing by." It is really a tragedy, the "two little birds" being the souls of the lovers ascending to heaven as doves. Although the production is entirely English, in order to get the correct atmosphere the interior scenes were done in the Gaumont studios at Shanghai, and the exterior scenes at Hangchow. After this Chinese legend had been shown a film of the Queen's arrival at the New Gallery, an hour before, was thrown on the screen. This closed the performance, but Her Majesty was so interested that she sat on, evidently wishing to see more, until she was informed that the programme was completed.

The Shooting at Windsor

WHEN he is in London during the shooting season the King, whenever it is possible, motors down to Windsor for a day's shooting. For some years past the sport has not been good—at least not up to the King's standard—chiefly owing to there having been no preserving during the War. This year, however, the Deputy-Ranger of Windsor Forest, Colonel the Hon. Claude Willoughby, and the head-keeper have brought about a very different state of things, and there has never been a better season than the one which closed a month

L.N.A

WITH THE COTTESMORE

Prince Henry, who was out with the Cottesmore last week, photographed at the meet at Tilton Station. He has been in the saddle a good deal this season

AN APRIL BRIDE *Lafayette*

Miss Beau Lawson Johnston, whose marriage to Mr. Isaac James Pitman will take place at St. Thomas's, Portman Square, on April 28

Angus Faith

LADY DIANA KING

The youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace. Her marriage to Mr. Alistair Gibb, the eldest son of Sir Alexander and Lady Gibb, will take place in April

ago. The King has intimated his satisfaction by sending a message of thanks to the Windsor keepers.

Small Beginnings and Big Events

IT seems odd to read in the Court Circular: "The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein visited the King and Queen this afternoon," but it is a happy sign that a family relationship, broken by the War, has been renewed. The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, who has been paying a visit to London, is the brother of Princess Helene Victoria and Princess Marie Louise, and a cousin of the King.

Princess Christian had two sons, the elder of whom died of enteric in South Africa during the Boer War. The younger, the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, then Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, entered the German Army as a lieutenant when he was nineteen, that is, thirty-nine years ago.

The seizure from Denmark of the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies by Prussia was the beginning of Bismarck's great plan which culminated in the German Empire. When Prussia and Austria occupied the Duchies there was a strong feeling in this country that England should intervene on behalf of Denmark.

A RECENT BRIDE *Lewis*

Mrs. Napier, whose marriage to Mr. I. P. R. Napier, M.C., took place on Monday, February 28, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the only daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Lewis

Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, held that we had no right to interfere in the affairs of foreign nations. No man was more roundly abused for what was described as his "connivance at an act of cruel spoliation."

There are people to-day who will tell you that Lord John Russell helped Bismarck in no small measure in the creation of the German Empire. They argue that

Lafayette

THE HON. MRS. LAURENCE METHUEN

Who was married last week to the Hon. Laurence Methuen, youngest son of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen. Before her marriage she was the Hon. Olive Campbell, and is the only child of Lord and Lady Blythswood

a "Hands off" attitude on the part of England would have prevented the annexation of the Duchies, which was followed by the Prussian war against Austria, and the further annexation of Hanover and Brunswick—all leading up to the Franco-Prussian War, the declaration of the King of Prussia

A COMING-OF-AGE *F. T. Jones*

Mr. G. M. Vere-Laurie, of the 9th Lancers, at his coming-of-age celebrations at Carlton Hall, Newark, when the tenantry presented him with a silver punch bowl. The group includes his mother and Miss Blanche and Mr. S. Vere-Laurie, the Hon. Mrs. Corbet-Radford, Miss Mary Radford, Mrs. d'Angers Willis, the Misses Francklin, Miss Greenwell and Mr. Peter Wiggin

as German Emperor, and the Great War which has left more than half the world in convulsions.

The ex-Kaiserin

BE that as it may, history is history. The two Duchies became part of Prussia, and some twenty years later, in order to bind them more closely to the Hohenzollerns, a marriage was arranged between the ex-Kaiser and the Princess Augusta-Victoria, a daughter of the dispossessed Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and a niece of Prince Christian. Her brother, Duke Ernest Gunther, who was perpetually setting the Berlin Court by the ears by his love of gossip, succeeded their father, and when he died childless six years ago he was succeeded by his cousin, Princess Christian's second son, the present Duke. Duke Ernest Gunther married the only daughter of that Princess Louise of Belgium, the divorced wife of Prince Philip of Coburg, who threw her bonnet over so many windmills at the Austrian Court. The present Duke of Schleswig-Holstein is unmarried.

Hay Wrightson

THE GRACE OF THE SHAWL

Miss Cora Rodwell in the attractive shawl which she wore at the recent Scarf-or-Shawl Ball. Held at Claridge's, it was a great success

AT CLARIDGE'S *Hay Wrightson*

A photograph taken at the recent Scarf-or-Shawl Ball. The group comprises: The Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Margaret Bingham, Lady Rachel Howard, Lady Marian Dalrymple, the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson and Mrs. Gerald Maxwell

When Man is a Magician

MRS. WOOD, a daughter of the late Mr. Quintin Hogg, and a sister of Sir Douglas Hogg, has a pretty wit. She is president of the Women's Advertising Club, which recently entertained Mr. Lloyd George. From her most amusing speech, I cull this: "No man who tries to take shelter behind a woman's skirts nowadays can be called a coward. He may be a magician.. And here I am reminded of the American's comparison of modern women's clothing with barbed wire. It protects the property without obscuring the view."

British Industries Fair

IF the prophets are true—and we all sincerely hope they are—that this is to be a good year for trade, our manufacturers will be found to be prepared for all demands, since I take it that the British Industries Fair at the White City, organised by the Department of Overseas Trade, is the surest gauge we have of our manufacturing possibilities, both at home and in the Dominions. Foreigners apparently think so, because more orders have been placed from abroad this year than ever before. British-made toys have found a new market in South America.

Then there are all sorts of inventions. "Lazy lie-abeds" and others will rejoice over an earthenware jug that keeps coffee hot for two hours. Tennis players will hear with joy of a patent stringing of racquets which is unaffected by damp, and so will housemaids and housewives of a furniture polish that keeps its lustre for six months. For people interested in wireless there is a new five-valve "turn

Angus Faith

LADY ELIBANK

Whose husband succeeded to the Viscountcy on the recent death of the first Viscount and 10th Baron. The new Lord Elibank has had a distinguished career in the Diplomatic Service

Alfieri

A group including Mrs. Eliott Lockhart (left), Miss Wetherbone Wilson, Miss Eccles, Miss Eliott Lockhart, Mr. Barnard, Mr. Girouard, Mr. Flowerdew-Lawson, Miss S. Harriss, Mr. V. Harriss, Mr. Williamson, Miss Barnard, Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Rumbold

News Illus.

Miss Lindsay with Lord Dumfries, who rode Last Boat in the House Grind

AT "THE HOUSE" POINT-TO-POINT

Camera "shots" at the Christ Church (Oxford) Point-to-Point Meeting at Chipping Norton

Alfieri

Lady Ipswich, Miss Du Platt and Miss Hughes

the key and listen" set, and for doctors an insulin plant which produces a million doses a month, and a new kind of ether which does not bring unpleasant after-effects. There is likewise an ordinary gramophone with patent amplifiers which spread the sound over a large dance hall, and an automatic cigarette or chocolate machine that gives change and rejects counterfeit coins. The last, if generally adopted, will save much bad language at railway stations.

Mr. Cyril Roberts's Exhibition

THOSE of you who love your London should go to see Mr. Cyril Roberts's exhibition at the Brook Street Art Gallery. You will find some fascinating water-colours painted in St. James's Park and Hyde Park; one, Buckingham Palace as seen from the lake; another, the Horse Guards and the Guards Memorial.

Two pictures will attract all Etonians. One is of the chapel steps from which the headmaster calls "Absence," and the other of the ante-chapel. But the exhibition is not confined to London. I particularly liked his pictures of the Weald—and he is also showing some pastel portraits. That of Major-General Sir Cecil Lowther is very strong and vigorous. Other portraits are of Lord and Lady Poltimore, Lady Dorothy Pepoe, and Mrs. Roger Wethered.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CECIL LOWTHER

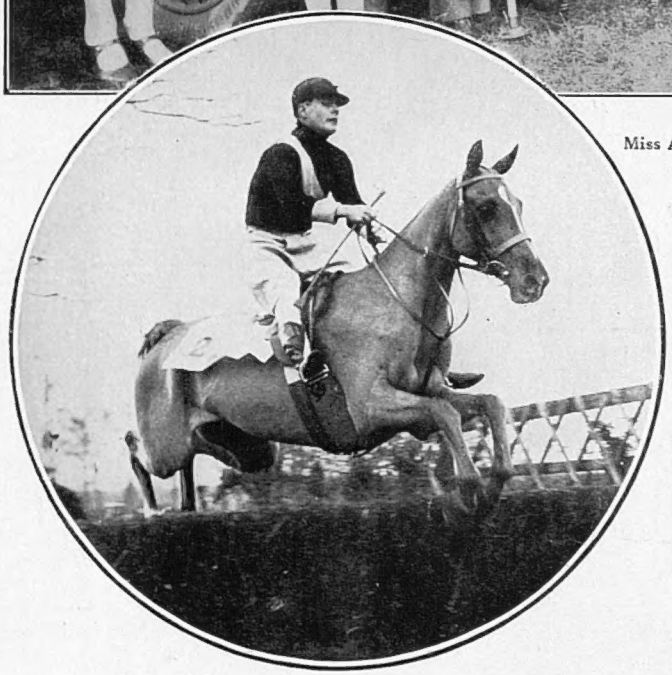
The brother of Lord Ullswater and a cousin of Lord Lonsdale. He was in the Scots Guards and for four years Military Attaché in Paris. The portrait by Mr. Cyril Roberts is included in the exhibition of his works at the Brook Street Art Gallery

A Floating Palace

YOUR Bystander had heard and read much of the luxury and the "agreeablements" of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's latest vessel, the *Alcantara*, but a visit to the ship after her arrival at Southampton from Belfast showed me that, like the Queen of Sheba, "the half had not been told me." It was difficult to believe you were on board ship. Standing in what they call the "social hall," but actually a mahogany panelled room, two decks high, with carved stone fireplaces, windows with stone mullions and leaded panes, you feel you are in some seventeenth-century palace. And through the doorways you get vistas

Central Press

Miss Ashwin, Miss Lees Milne, Mr. Dennis Capron, Mrs. Phelips, Miss Czarnikow, Mr. Chichester, Miss Capron, Mr. R. Capron, Miss Hay Park and Mr. Menzies



Sport and General

Mr. F. C. Pierce-Grove taking the open ditch in the Stewards Cup Steeplechase

AT COTTENHAM

Some spectators at the recent Cambridge University Steeplechases.

G.P.U.

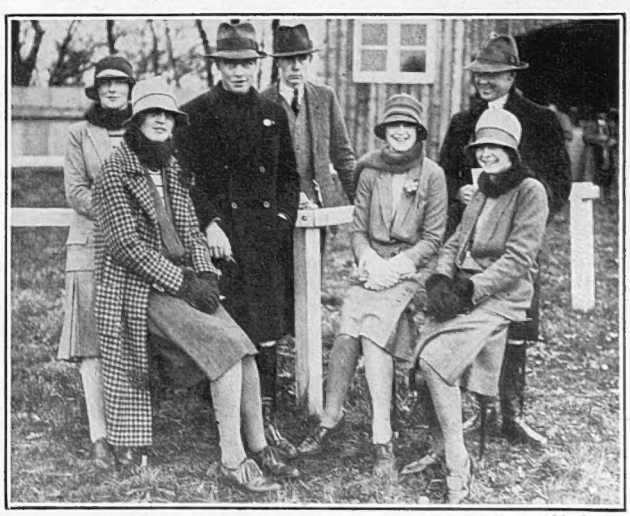
A group including Miss Primrose Harley, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce-Grove, Dame Margaret Pryse-Rice and Mr. F. C. Pierce-Grove, the Master of the University "Drag"

of other great halls and rooms—a reading-room in oyster-grey and lilac, a lounge in peacock-green, lavishly adorned with gilt mouldings—which make you think you are in a big country house like Knole, or in one of the great London houses.

Then there is a swimming pool which reminds you of Pompeii, and a playroom for children, with a real live kitchen in it, which makes you envy the future child passengers. Above these, on the top deck, is a winter garden with a marble floor and pillars, and again windows. Your modern designer of passenger ships has cast port-holes to the winds. In the cabins—the last word in luxury and comfort—you have an oblong window instead of the old round port-hole.

The *Alcantara* is a motor vessel. Before she leaves Southampton this week on her maiden voyage to South America she will take enough oil on board for the outward and homeward trip. So she, her passengers, and her crew will know nothing of the grimy horrors of coaling. All the cooking is done by electricity. There are enclosed promenade decks with loud-speakers which transmit the music of the orchestra wherever it may be playing. Luxury and comfort are carried so far that the sitting-rooms in the private suites have fireplaces. The vessel is a floating palace, far more comfortable and luxurious than many hotels *de luxe*.

I don't wonder that people have been falling over one another to book passages for the maiden voyage to South America. Your Bystander wishes he were one of them.



Alfieri

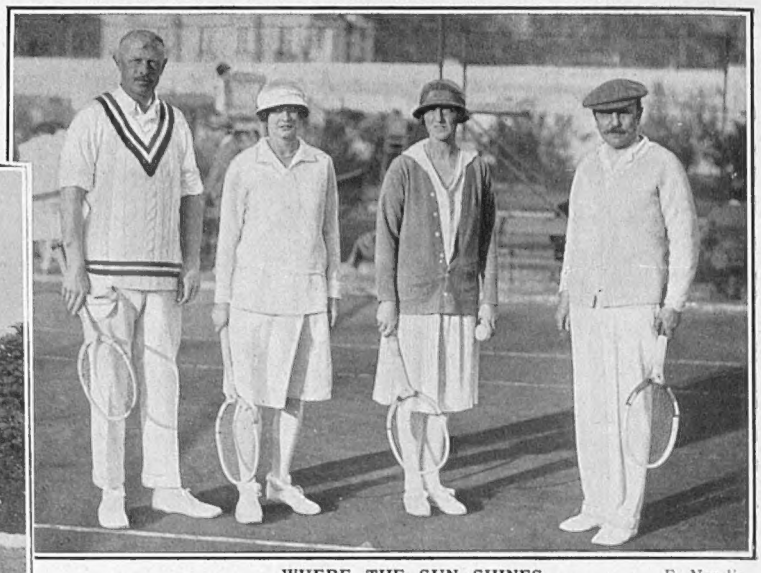
Miss J. Wilkinson, Miss Lamb, Mr. G. H. Nicholson, Mr. J. Crewdson-Petre, Mr. G. Davis Gilbert, Miss Denys Burton and Miss M. Turville

The Riviera

WEEK BY WEEK

THE MORNING GAME *L.N.A.*

Miss Betty Thompson, Miss Ashcroft Thompson, and Miss Cayzer setting out for the tennis courts at the Golf Hotel, Valescure. Although Valescure is a stronghold of golf, lawn tennis has its body of adherents



WHERE THE SUN SHINES *E. Navello*

Players in a mixed doubles on the courts at Beaulieu, which is in high favour this season. They are Lord Denman (left), Lady Denman, Mrs. Creasy, and Lord Roundway

THE Riviera is becoming a symphony in blue. We have—generally—a deep blue sky; a blue-green sea; several Blue Trains a day; one of the carnival colours this season is forget-me-not blue—and if anything in the whole colour range is missing it is certainly not blue blood. Royalties and near-Royalties are here already by the score, and more are on their way. The latest to arrive are the King and Queen of Denmark, who have left the somewhat chilly winter climate of Copenhagen for the more genial atmosphere of Cannes. They are spending three weeks at the Hotel des Pins, a quiet and comfortable hotel near the Russian Church, and were quite surprised and amused to find on leaving the railway station that they had arrived in the middle of the local carnival.

S

THE KING OF SWEDEN is now on his way here after a visit to the Queen, who is staying in Rome, and will take up his usual headquarters at Nice for a month or two, and, of course, spend most of his days on the tennis courts. Ex-King Manoel of Portugal and Queen Augusta Victoria are also coming this week, and have reserved their customary apartment at the Grand Hotel at Cannes.

S

LAST Saturday we had the annual Gala de la Haute Couture at the Ambassadeurs, and the crowd was really much too big for anything approaching comfort. Among the many well-known people present were Prince and Princess Paul of Serbia, the Earl of Derby, Lord and Lady Inverclyde, Lord and Lady Ashley, Viscount and Viscountess Furness, Lord Charles Montagu, Lord Wolverton, Princess Leon Radziwill, Princess Ghika, Prince Henri de Ligne, and Baron and Baroness Eugene de Rothschild.

MONTE CARLO, as regards musical and theatrical entertainments, is the envy of the whole Riviera, for its winter programme is invariably excellent and varied. The recent performance of *Parsifal*, lasting from 6 o'clock until nearly midnight, with a suitable and welcome interval for dinner, was a triumph for all concerned, and further performances will be given. There was a big Italian Fête this week-end, with a gala performance of Puccini's last opera, *Princess Turandot*, for which every seat was sold out before the night, a Mimosa Ball, and a tombola, for which there were many handsome prizes. A motor car valued at 30,000 francs was the first prize, and others included a picture presented by the King of Italy, and a fitted dressing-case given by Signor Mussolini.

A ROYAL VISITOR *Wood-Hall*

The King of Denmark, who is a recent arrival on the Riviera, photographed at the Hôtel des Pins at Cannes. With him are M. Carr (left) and Lt.-Col. Dahlberg

S

MENTON is getting ready for its own carnival, which begins later than most on the Côte d'Azur, but is a jolly affair. At the same time there will be a tennis tournament to follow the one at Monte Carlo, for which the entries are very good indeed; while the big event of the week indoors will be the Russian Gala at the Imperial, under the patronage of the Princess Nicholas of Greece and Grand Duchess Helene of Russia, at which it is hoped the Duke of Connaught will be present.

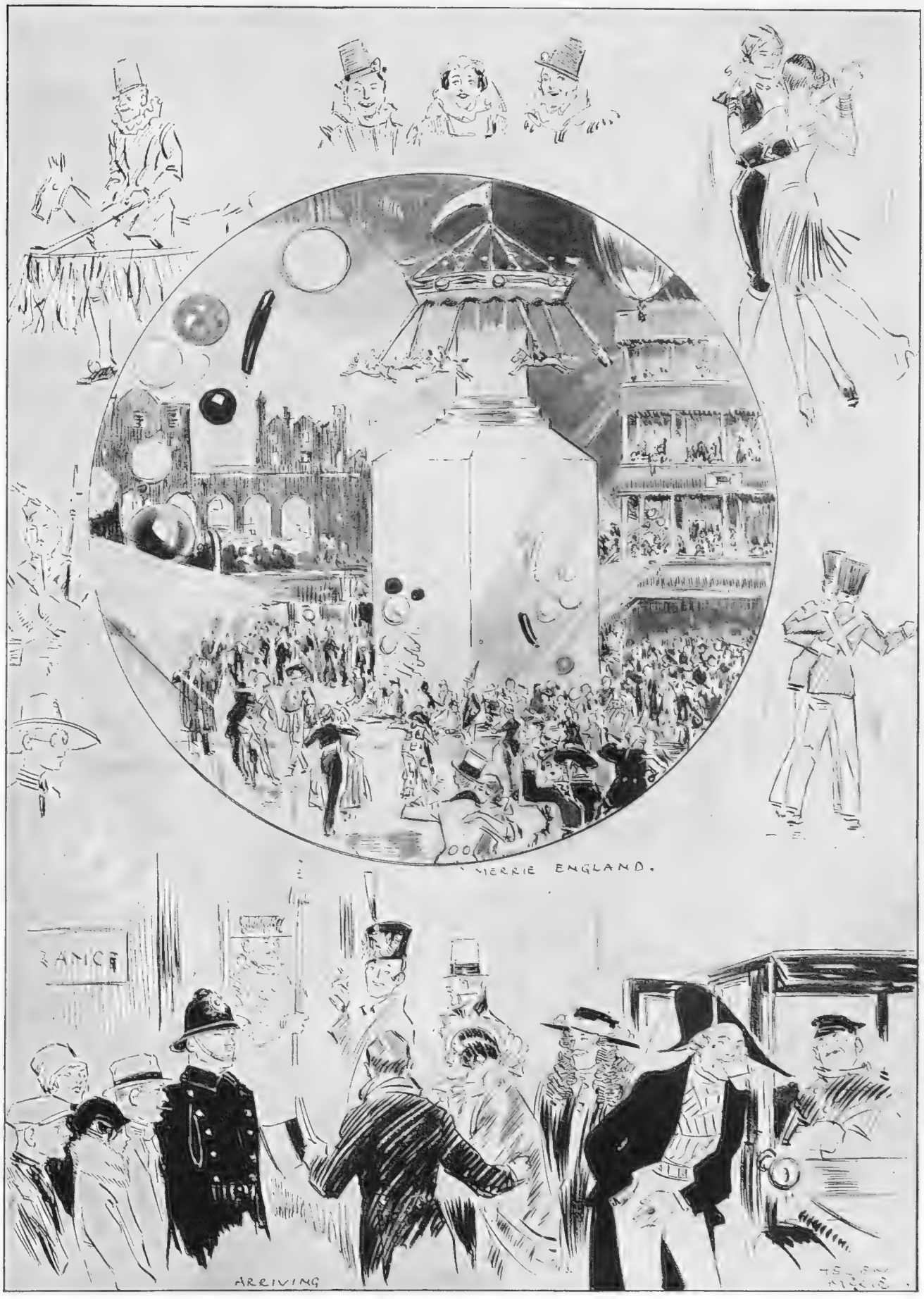
S

THERE are many newcomers at St. Raphael, among them Field-Marshal Sir William and Lady Robertson and Miss Robertson, Admiral Sir Henry and Lady Heath, the Hon. Lady Quilter, Admiral Sir Arthur and Lady Farquhar, Sir Roderick and Lady Wigan, and Lady MacLeod, who are all staying at the Golf Hotel at Valescure. Sir John and Lady Ellerman are at the Beau-Rivage, and the Hon. Lady Mostyn at Coirier's.

S

THE Challenge Cup presented by THE BYSTANDER to the Monte Carlo Golf Club for mixed foursomes against Bogey under handicap was played for over the course up at Mont Agel on February 17 under perfect conditions. Sixteen couples took out cards, and the result was a win for Mr. F. A. Jackson and his sister-in-law, Miss M. A. Wright. It was the just reward of perseverance, for this couple have competed in THE BYSTANDER competition every year except one since its institution. Their chance at one period seemed almost hopeless, for they were 4 down with 5 to play. But of those last five holes they won three and halved two, and so finished 1 down. The leading scores were:—Mr. F. A. Jackson and Miss M. A. Wright (9), 1 down; Mr. Kenneth Morrice and Mrs. Norman Craig (8), 3 down; Mr. J. Hewlett Brooke and Hon. Mrs. R. Beresford (9), 5 down; Mr. Sprowle and Miss Graham (24), 5 down. The winners when at home play most of their golf on the courses of their county, Leicestershire, and also in Norfolk.

"Merrie England" and Merrymakers



BY HELEN McKIE

Our artist's impression of the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall and some of the revellers who attended it. The theme this year was "Merrie England" and the atmosphere was well sustained, Maypoles, hobby-horses, and, of course, the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers being well to the fore

The Sheikh, the Sirocco and the Rebellious Drapery

BY E. T. REED

"In the desert you want a robe; something that flows in the wind; something you can sweep about you"—
MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, *at St. Pancras*

RAMSAY: "Weel! What are ye laughing at, the noo? In a sudden gust, however impressive and deegnified in ordinary times, it's no an easy matterr to control sic a larrge amoont o' flimsy mateerial. Ye just have to go whaur it taks ye!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Dress in the Desert

I HAVE just been reading two pronouncements on dress, both of which interested me. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, speaking about his recent trip to the Sahara, said that in the desert, looking at your trousers and your coat, you felt what a miserable thing modern English dress had become. "You want a robe," said Mr. MacDonald, "Something that flows in the wind. Something you can sweep about you."

A Romantic Figure

I DON'T agree with Mr. MacDonald in everything—not by a long chalk—but I am quite sure he would cut a romantic figure at Westminster if he turned up in an Arab burnous. Lloyd George couldn't—Winston couldn't, but it would suit Ramsay right down to the ground.

His Majesty in Mufti

THE second sartorial suggestion came from Miss Vera Hopper, of Wandsworth, who received a visit from royalty and very properly asked why the Queen didn't wear her crown and ermine robe. Curiously enough, I have often thought that a more ceremonial touch might be introduced when Kings and Queens come into direct touch with their humbler subjects. Young people especially think of Royalty in terms of crowns, sceptres, and diadems, and it is doubtful if they ever quite recover from the disappointment of meeting His Majesty in mufti.

Matches and Money

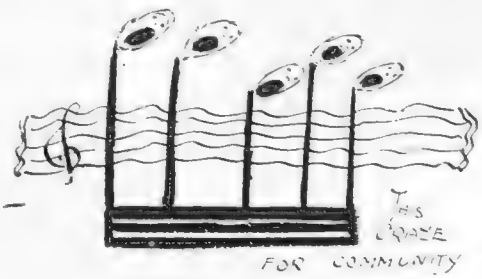
SPORTSMEN who like to patronise "Soccer," and who look down their noses at the professional game, have been chuckling over the panicky purchases of players by those League clubs that are in danger of relegation. Certainly, this wholesale buying of footballers has made the game appear ridiculous in the eyes of all but the most frenzied of football fans, and it will be surprising if something is not done to stop it before the commencement of a new season. The best we can hope is that clubs which seek such adventitious aids will burn their fingers and end by losing both their matches and their money.

Chorus Work

I AM wondering if this craze for community singing will spread to the theatre. Already, of course, there have been sporadic outbursts, as when the Co-Optimists made us join their final chorus, but there still remain endless possibilities. Back in the old music-hall days the audiences indulged in quite a lot of chorus work, but the practice dwindled until a morning paper invented the gentle art of singing in public. I look forward to the day when the audience at Drury Lane will sing all the choruses of the latest and greatest musical comedy.

A Modern Disease

I AM inclined to agree with Mr. Sidney Dark when he says that we are so afraid of overdoing anything that we succeed in underdoing everything. This is an age of compromise, and the number of people who will heartily disapprove the views expressed by Mr. Dark and myself will only help to prove them correct. "Contentment with the dull, unexciting mean" is the modern disease from which too many of us are suffering. "We have forgotten how to fast, and, in consequence, we have forgotten how to feast," is the sort of lay text on which many Lenten addresses might well be based



Cinema Statistics

We hear a lot of complaints from theatrical managers about the competition of the cinemas, but some statistics prepared by the British Empire Film Institute suggest that increased competition may be looked for in the future. Thus, we learn that London, the greatest city in the world and the biggest, has only one picture theatre to each 20,000 of its inhabitants. Berlin, with a much smaller population, has almost as many picture palaces as London, for, while we have 390 in our capital, Germany has 330 in hers, and over twenty of these seat more than a thousand people.

One Too Many

Oxfordshire has one cinema to every 19,000 people, and Birmingham one for every 15,000. Even more surprising is the case of Ireland, where there is one to every 26,000 of the population. How much the picture theatre demand exceeds the supply can be realised when it is stated that in a number of the industrial districts of England and Wales there are places with from 20,000 to 40,000 inhabitants with only two cinemas, and in some cases one small cinema. I quite realise that some people may think this is one too many, but I happen to be considering the question from the British Empire Film Institute's point of view.

By David Wilson

A "CLOSE UP" IN SHANGHAI!

Winter Sportings

When Wembley was put up for sale I suggested that one of the big concrete palaces should be turned into a miniature Riviera and the second into a miniature Switzerland, in order that the less wealthy Britisher might learn how "our betters" disport themselves during the winter months. So far my advice has not been acted upon, but, in view of the great success of London's new Ice Club, I have hopes.

The Ice Club

An evening spent at the Ice Club, which lies just at the back of Westminster in Grosvenor Road, provides many real thrills. I had fancied that one had to go to Switzerland to get the real winter sport atmosphere—to Mürren for ski work, to St. Moritz for bobbing, to Kandersteg for curling, and to Klosters for skating—but you will see no better skating anywhere than you will see in the Grosvenor Road.

The Fastest Game

On the night I went, Oxford University were playing a game of ice-hockey with the London Lions, a combination which included five internationals. If you don't number ice-hockey among your familiar pastimes, you should remedy the omission at once. It is the fastest game in the world—and it looks faster than that. Some of the exchanges were positively breathless, and Sexton, for the Lions, if a trifle on the selfish side, was more like a swallow or a swift than a man on skates.

Stop Thief!

Until a day or two ago I had never seen a real London Stop Thief drama, and I found it almost as thrilling as ice-hockey. If the thief had been on skates he might have got away, but as it was he was collared low—Rugger fashion—in the Aldwych, and hand-cuffed after putting up a fairly creditable scrap.

Minor Problems

Out of this incident arose two or three problems which I present to my readers. Would you stop a criminal who was fleeing from justice and, if so, how would you start about it? Why is the average crowd always sympathetic to the man who has stolen your watch or snatched your bag? Why do policemen always look ridiculous when they are running? Why are not younger and more athletic constables employed in these bag-snatching areas?

Private Affairs

Mme. Erzsi Péchy, who did not play the leading part at Daly's because her accent was not sufficiently English, appears at the Coliseum in a sketch about an actress who loses a part because her accent is not sufficiently English. Does this mean that the private troubles of leading ladies are to be aired on the stage rather than in the Courts? Not having seen the sketch, I cannot say which others of Daly's many arresting personalities appear in it.

Golf

On Wednesday next, March 9th, the annual competition for The Bystander £500 Trophy and cups will again take place. This year it is being fought out on the fairway and—if one's luck is out—the "rough" of the Foxgrove Golf Club at Beckenham, and a splendid entry has been received. On the same day the special Golf Number of The Bystander will make its appearance, and I am not letting you into any professional secret when I tell you that it is a rattling good number, too. Writers and artists have combined to produce some really excellent features. Basil Macdonald Hastings has written a delightful article, "Golf in Wonderland," Hartley Carrick contributes some special "Chip," and the artists have got busy in similar vein.

A Camera Quartette with the Quorn

L.N.A.

MRS. PAGET (left), MRS. STRAWBRIDGE, MRS. DE TRAFFORD, COL. ASHTON, MRS. PARAVACINI, MR. R. STRAWBRIDGE, MRS. JENKINS and MR. PAGET, M.F.H.

L.N.A.

LADY BRECKNOCK and MR. ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE

L.N.A.

MISS DIANA CLARK with LADY WODEHOUSE

Topical

LADY BLANDFORD and MAJOR A. E. BURNABY, M.F.H.

Members of the field and some onlookers who were present at a recent meet of the Quorn at Kirby Hall, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Strawbridge. The weather was kind and the meet was attended by a good field

RUGGER REACTIONS

A NAVAL OCCASION

By "PENDARVES"

Sketches by MAC

THE NAVY

Lieut.-Commander W. C. T. Eyres, who recently led the Navy to victory against the Air Force. He also had the distinction of playing in the English pack against Ireland at Twickenham this year

A Service Rugger match is made the excuse for a lot of irregularities, before, during, and after the game. Some very wicked men, round about lunch time, suggested amiably that I should "do the right thing" by coming down with them as a sort of look-out man in the bows of the leading Bentley to show them the best way to the ground. "In which case we need not start till about 2.25, and there's time for another quick one—my shout." Two black, vicious-looking Bentleys drew up, coughing a little in the fog, eleven or twelve persons of all ranks, few morals, and no nerves shoved into them, and we steamed, in line ahead, towards several kinds of death imminent and messy. We seemed to have collected in our wake three more of these drinkers of the milk of miles somewhere upon the reeling road; to the end that in the Narrows, converging upon Twickenham, there were five Bentley drivers absolutely determined, for the honour of their ships and messmates, to be there first. So that twenty sedate cars, with ladies aboard, were spared by half-inches only, and all was "nicely, thank you"—at least, so the Navy said, and I suppose they knew.

During the extremely friendly if hectic turmoil of the match, a sprinkling of the old hands at the game of Rugby as it should be played were doing inconspicuous but deadly work in the van of matters. Chief amongst whom was our old pal Master At Arms, W. G. E. Luddington, left out of the England team this year, but concerned very materially in winning that Naval occasion for his side by his superb hooking in the scrums. John Russell, the Air Force skipper and a close-up witness at scrum half, told me after the game in the—er—after the game, that he had never seen better hooking in his life, and that it lost "us" the match.

Only three other sailors stood out by merit. Lieut.-Commander W. C. T. Eyres, their skipper, an "old 'un," but in the England side against Ireland, and a glutton for work throughout. Sub.-Lieut. T. S. Lee, whom we have seen before, and shall see again on even bigger days, if he will do less of this barging through business and give his wings a chance. For Sub.-Lieut. K. A. Sellar it was an enjoyable day's outing, after the last two hefty ordeals for England he had endured on this ground. He had lots of time to manœuvre himself into position for those long touch-finding kicks with the right foot. If he can learn to do likewise with the left foot, the chink in his armour at the moment, England's full back problem is happily solved for several seasons, absence on sea-service always excepted. This youthful sportsman is only 19. To have played cricket and Rugger for the Navy, and Rugger for England at that age is, as one might say, *good enough.*

What, meanwhile, has happened to Royal Air Force Rugger? Russell is still its pyramid of defence, its sphynx of experience. His chiefs of staff are Johnny Chick, reserve for England this year against Ireland as wing forward; "Tubby" Turner (how that forward goes on playing as well as he does beats me); Bryson, of Leicester, imperturbable, as safe as ever; Maxwell, once of Scotland, able to do two men's work in the loose, until he tires, which he does now, naturally. All these players are invaluable to this or any other side. But they are not enough. And they are getting "past it," as the saying is. And there is nothing much behind them.

THE AIR FORCE

Squadron-Leader J. C. R. Russell, the captain of the Royal Air Force fifteen. At half-back he has proved a "thorn in the side" of many of the R.A.F.'s opponents

THE ARMY

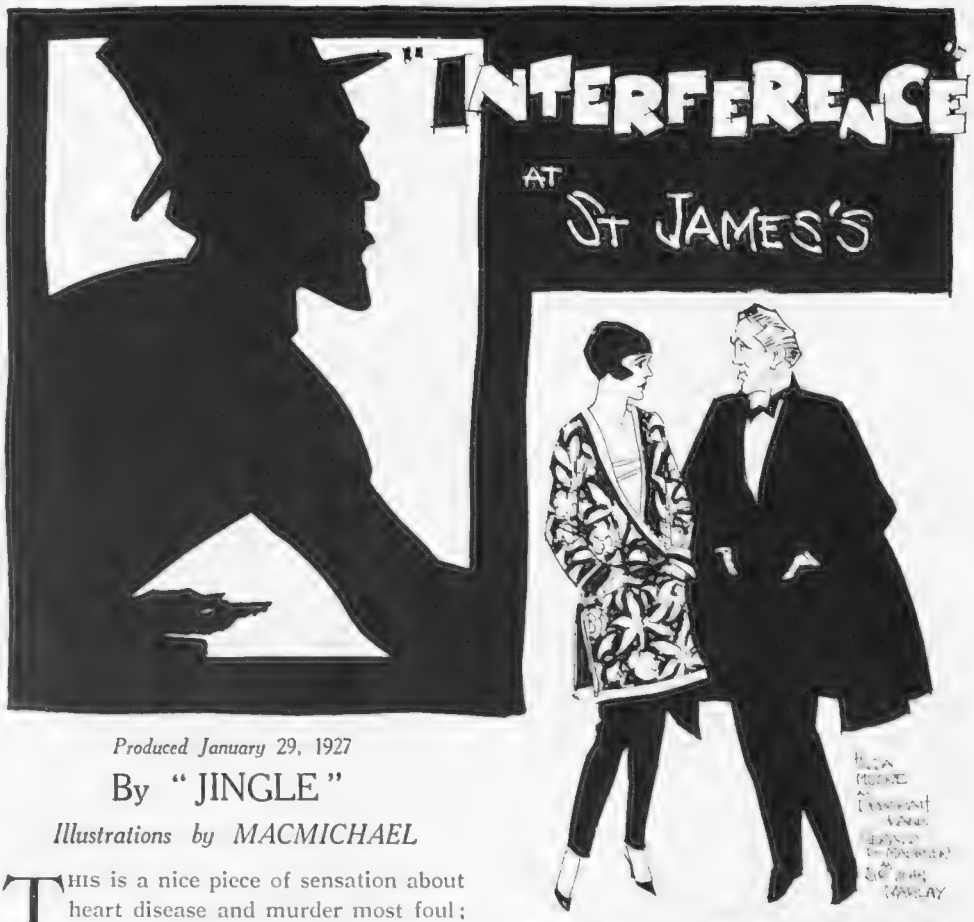
Lieut A. R. Aslett, who plays "stand-off" half-back for the Army, and who is captain of the Army fifteen. Mr. Aslett is in the "King's Own" Regiment

Why? Is it because there are not Air Force officers and men playing first class club Rugger? I strongly suspect this is so. And that there is far too much importance attached to Inter-Unit games, at the expense of building up a Service side. The Service side should come first, and nothing else should matter much. A man eligible for and wanted by a good Club side should be given every encouragement, within reason and Service needs, to go and play for it. For it is here that he will mature and any "class" Rugger there may be in him will come out. In a Unit team, at the back of beyond, he may be ahelofafeller, but he is wasted, and, incidentally, not finding his true level: to the detriment of the Service XV when it appears in public. In 1923-24 the Air Force had a very fine side, as the Navy and Army found to their cost. There is no reason why it should not have another.

Facing It Out

BY STAN TERRY

HER FATHER: "You've got some cheek, young man, asking my daughter to marry you without seeing me first"
HER FIANCÉ: "It makes no difference, sir. Even now I've seen you I still want to marry her!"



Produced January 29, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a nice piece of sensation about heart disease and murder most foul; but it is superbly acted, and people who, like myself, go to the theatre merely to be entertained, will no doubt enjoy the production immensely. We begin with Lady Marlay, who used to think she was the wife of the famous physician Sir John Marlay, since her first husband was reported killed in the War. It subsequently transpires that the husband in question, Philip Voaze, is still alive, a detail that puts her ladyship in a rather awkward position. As the wife of a celebrity, Lady Marlay is necessarily photographed by the ubiquitous Pressmen, and her portrait is recognised by the Vampire of the piece, Deborah Kane, a cast-off mistress of Mr. Voaze. Deborah is blackmailing her ladyship accordingly, and Lady Marlay annexes a phial of prussic acid from her reputed husband's laboratory, contemplating suicide as the only way out.

THEN by the familiar operation of the long arm of coincidence dear to dramatists, Voaze, who says he is very ill, comes to the great specialist for advice. There he is surprised to meet Lady Marlay, who, in spite of the fact that she wants to forget him, keeps him long enough to tell the story of the blackmail, and to exhibit the phial of poison, which Voaze promptly takes from her hand, as it is wanted in the Second Act. At his consultation with Sir John, Voaze is calmly informed that he has an aneurism which may burst on any occasion of great excitement or exertion. Voaze resents the diagnosis as a personal insult. He seems to think it is a backhanded way of threatening his life, and in his wrath he blurts out the secret of Lady Marlay's past, giving the address of the blackmailer, not necessarily for publication but as good faith.

Stage Photo Co.

"WHEN GREEKS JOINED GREEKS"

Deborah Kane (Hilda Moore), who has been doing a little profitable blackmailing, is surprised by the arrival of Philip Voaze (Herbert Marshall), the "villain of the piece." The incident takes place in the flat of the curaçao drinking Deborah

IN the Second Act we come to the living-room of Deborah Kane's flat, where she is expecting Lady Marlay with a further instalment of cheques and postal orders, etc., on account of blackmail. When her ladyship arrives she admits that Voaze has just been to her house, and Deborah is at once mad with jealousy. The price of the evidence in her possession against Lady Marlay goes up several decimal points per cent., and, in the words of the agitator, there will be not a penny off. Then there is a ring at the front door, and Lady Marlay is pushed into the usual side room while the urbane Sir John walks into the flat, and begs the favour of a few minutes of Deborah Kane's time. The fact is, he has heard that she possesses some letters written by her ladyship to another man, and he wants Deborah to be so good as to throw the letters on the fire right away. Just that.

NATURALLY enough, Deborah's reply is a mocking Ha-ha! or words to that effect. She sneeringly tells Sir John that he cannot prosecute her for blackmail because in that case his great name would be dragged into court, and the problem of Lady Marlay's real social position would be the basis of a bantering controversy between opposing counsel, and, I daresay, the usual little quip from the Judge that provokes laughter in court which is instantly suppressed. In fact, Sir John and his lady are at Deborah's mercy. Sir John listens with calm politeness, not to say deference. It has been well said that when a man is angry he shows his breeding. Sir John is very angry; but he does not allow the lady to notice the fact. He merely explains that, as a rather scientific person, it would be quite easy to meet the lady at some crowded social function, such as, for instance, a Great White Sale in the West End, and prod her with a hypodermic needle ejecting a reliable dose of death; or she might one day receive the complimentary gift of a highly scented nosegay which would waft her to the Golden Shore with a single sniff. So that

she is really at his mercy as far as that goes.

DEBORAH laughs contemptuously at the idea, as it is, of course, against the ethics of the faculty to kill people on purpose. To show Sir John how little she fears his threats, she hands him her latch-key before he goes, but the familiar gesture is not in this case to be misinterpreted by the unregenerate. Nothing of the kind. It simply means that he is at liberty to call and kill her whenever he may feel in the mood for that genial relaxation. Sir John then takes polite leave of the lady, and proceeds to a flat upstairs, where he has a dinner engagement.

LADY MARLAY having been pushed out of the flat, Voaze turns up in some excitement, having rather obviously "had a couple." But he still craves for brandy, and Deborah, taking his friendly overtures as a hint that he is coming back to her, duly produces the fiery stuff. After Voaze has had several extras over the eight, he secures Lady Marlay's compromising letters, and reads them to himself, and gets sentimental about them. In a paroxysm of wrath Deborah accuses him of being still in love with his wife, which is presumably an outrage in some circles. There is a miserable squabble between the two, and then Voaze has a brain-wave. He empties the phial of prussic acid which he got from Lady Marlay into a stiff tot of brandy and, pretending to be reconciled, begs that Deborah will take the draught and bury all unkindness in it. There being no froth to blow, Deborah gulps the mixture down as it is, and a moment later she is writhing about on a settee suffering from acute internal squirms, till death mercifully intervenes.

VOAZE puts on his coat and strolls away. Then Sir John comes back, using the key thoughtfully provided for the purpose. He calls the lady by name, and receiving no answer turns up the lights and discovers why the lady has ceased to be talkative. Then he sees the empty phial of prussic acid, and in a far corner of the room he picks up Lady Marlay's handbag. He at once jumps to the conclusion that Lady Marlay has done Deborah in, and like a true and loving husband he decides to support her by becoming an accessory after the fact. For something like five minutes he walks about the stage without a word, removing all incriminating traces of the murder.

UNTIL you have realised what he is doing, he looks rather like an illusionist about to produce a bowl of gold-fish from a cloth, or rabbits from a hat. But once the rather obscure situation is grasped you perceive that the scene represents some very perfect acting indeed. Finally, Sir John calls the police in, and the usual investigations begin, carrying the story on to the Third Act, where Virtue (or thereabouts) is triumphant, and Vice is vanquished, according to the canon of popular drama. Sir Gerald du Maurier adds another success to his long list of triumphs; while Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Hilda Moore make Voaze and Deborah very real, and rather dreadful, people.

JINGLE.

HUSBANDLY ENCOURAGEMENT *Stage Photo Co.*

Basil Loder (left) as the enterprising but very gentlemanly journalist, Douglas Helder, Mrs. Rooke (Marjory Clark), Sir John Marlay's sister, and his niece, Barbara Marlay (Betty Moore), find themselves involved in a little trouble between Sir John (Gerald du Maurier) and his wife (Moyna Macgill). Sir John having found his wife's handbag in the flat of her blackmailer, believes her to be the murderer of the latter until quite half way through the Third Act

"In a Contemplative Fashion"

Dorothy Wilding

MISS ELSA LANCHESTER

As Rosie Betts in "The Pool," the Cockney play adapted by Anthony Bernard from his novel of the same name. "The Pool" was produced at the Everyman on February 7

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Advisable to drive off with a mashie'

MES AMIS—

OVER the last few years it has always been an entertaining *constatation* that, despite the periodical crops of criticism about England and the English, there has been a constant acquisition of English habits and customs—by Parisians. Some of the borrowings have been good and some bad, very bad. Among the good one might principally include the development of such sports as football, tennis and golf. They have, to a certain degree, introduced the sporting spirit, for if football crowds still show a desire to murder referees with whom they do not agree, and if tennis umpires still abandon their crows' nests when their rulings are challenged, progress is none the less assured, as a race of sporting writers has grown up which is gradually inculcating the real spirit of sport.

AMONG the bad borrowings first place had to be accorded, until quite recently, to the London habit of rushing about the city. This is most unsuitable to Paris. It has dealt a death-blow to the boulevards as boulevards. So far as the Grands Boulevards are concerned the word *flâneur* might now be quite appropriately omitted from the dictionary of the Académie Française. Yet lately there has been an even more undesirable borrowing from the least commendable characteristics of London—Paris has commenced to compete with London in the disagreeable matter of fogs.

THIS, I am sure you will agree with me, is a form of flattery with which Paris might very well have dispensed. No Londoner would wish Paris to share the "pea-soup" infliction. But we have had such a sequence recently as to make it the most noteworthy feature of the month. Ten years ago it was a rarity in Paris to see what *we* might condescendingly refer to as a thick mist. This week we have had fogs of such reality that it was necessary to have head lights on in the Place de la Concorde and at a local course it was advisable to drive off with a mashie. It is rather impressive, to say the least, to have to pick one's way through fogs such as these to attend the summer fashion "shows" for which invitations have, for about a month, been pouring in. And it certainly makes one more appreciative of the summer fashions, if only by contrast.

"Have to retire from a 'five o'clock'"

"We have had fogs . . ."

IN regard to these summer fashion displays, it becomes more and more difficult for a dull-eyed male to detect any noticeable change of style. There was a period, two or three years ago, when this was a task of elementary simplicity, as there was either an emphatic jerk upwards or downwards of the waist or the skirt, or a piece was taken off the front or off the back. Now, all these seem to have settled into a state of permanency, just as the line appears to be fairly well fixed. There is a certain dubiousness about knees, the line of visibility still being a wavering one, but even that, *sans doute*, will soon be settled.

THE only thing that I have been able to gather is that more stress is to be laid on the need for "perfect accord" in the matter of *la toilette* as a whole. This is, of course, not merely an affair of avoiding such chromatic conflicts as purple and mustard or scarlet and jade, but one of perfectly harmonising frock and fur, necklace and bracelet and even perfume. Everything, without exception, must blend, beginning with the hat and terminating with the shoes, after ensuring concordance with jewels, *sac-à-main*, handkerchief, and gloves, in addition to the other things mentioned.

AT one time, *bien entendu*, there might have been a little trouble about such elements of the combination as the complexion and the colour of the hair, but these have become minor matters which the *couturier* can confidently leave to the client thoroughly experienced in alterations and adjustments. For him, there is more concern about the detachables, and this, no doubt, explains why he now arranges to supply all accessories, including the

only perfume which can adequately accompany a given *robe*. It would be hateful to say that the *couturier* is doing this with a view to extra profit on the accessories and I, personally, do not think he is. The *grands couturiers* are one of the corporations where the love of artistry really does come first, and I believe they are absolutely sincere in the search for what one of them charmingly describes as *la mélodie dans l'élégance*.

S

YET it is to be hoped that Parisiennes do not subsequently push this to the extreme, as it might result in a holocaust. *Elégantes* might have to retire from a "five o'clock" because of a clash with the colour of the china. Friendships might be violently broken because of an inability to support contrasting colour schemes, courtships imperilled through the clashing appearance of a *fiancé*, and marriages broken because of incompatibility of pigments. An excess of harmony threatens to result in widespread discord. May we be spared from that, *au moins*. There are sufficient causes of discord already.

S

WE have just endured a particularly glaring example of the manner in which some people like to complicate things and make trouble, in the case of the individual who has become known as *Monsieur du fauteuil 141*. Monsieur had a ticket for stall 141 of a popular music-hall, but when he had been piloted to it by the *ouvreuse* he found it occupied. The intruder was not to blame because, being English, he had gone where he was directed by the *ouvreuse*. Moreover—again because he was English—he immediately took the neighbouring chair when he realised the position *without entering into either argument or expostulation*.

"Piloted to it by the *ouvreuse*"

PERHAPS it was the novelty of this transference *sans mot dire*—truly startling for Paris—that provoked *Monsieur du fauteuil 141* into a frame of mind which decided him that he, too, should introduce novelty. Anyhow, he informed the *ouvreuse* that he would not sit in stall 141 even though it had become vacant. To the *Pourquoi pas?* of the *ouvreuse*, he answered, like a man grossly insulted, "Because it is unhygienic." The manager was rushed forward and pointed out that the seat was sat upon every night anyway, that the purchaser of a stall ticket could scarcely expect a new seat to be furnished every evening, and that no excessive harm could have been done to it by the brief occupancy of that night, but Monsieur refused to be influenced and announced that he would bring an action in court for the recovery of the price of his ticket.

S

MOST of the Paris judges are rather witty, so I imagine that Monsieur will have to submit to no small amount of irony when he does come before the Court. But where, I feel, he was most lucky was that it was an Englishman who had filled the seat of contention. Had it been a Parisian of *esprit*, he *would* have heard a thing or two about the way he had been brought, tugged, or dragged up.

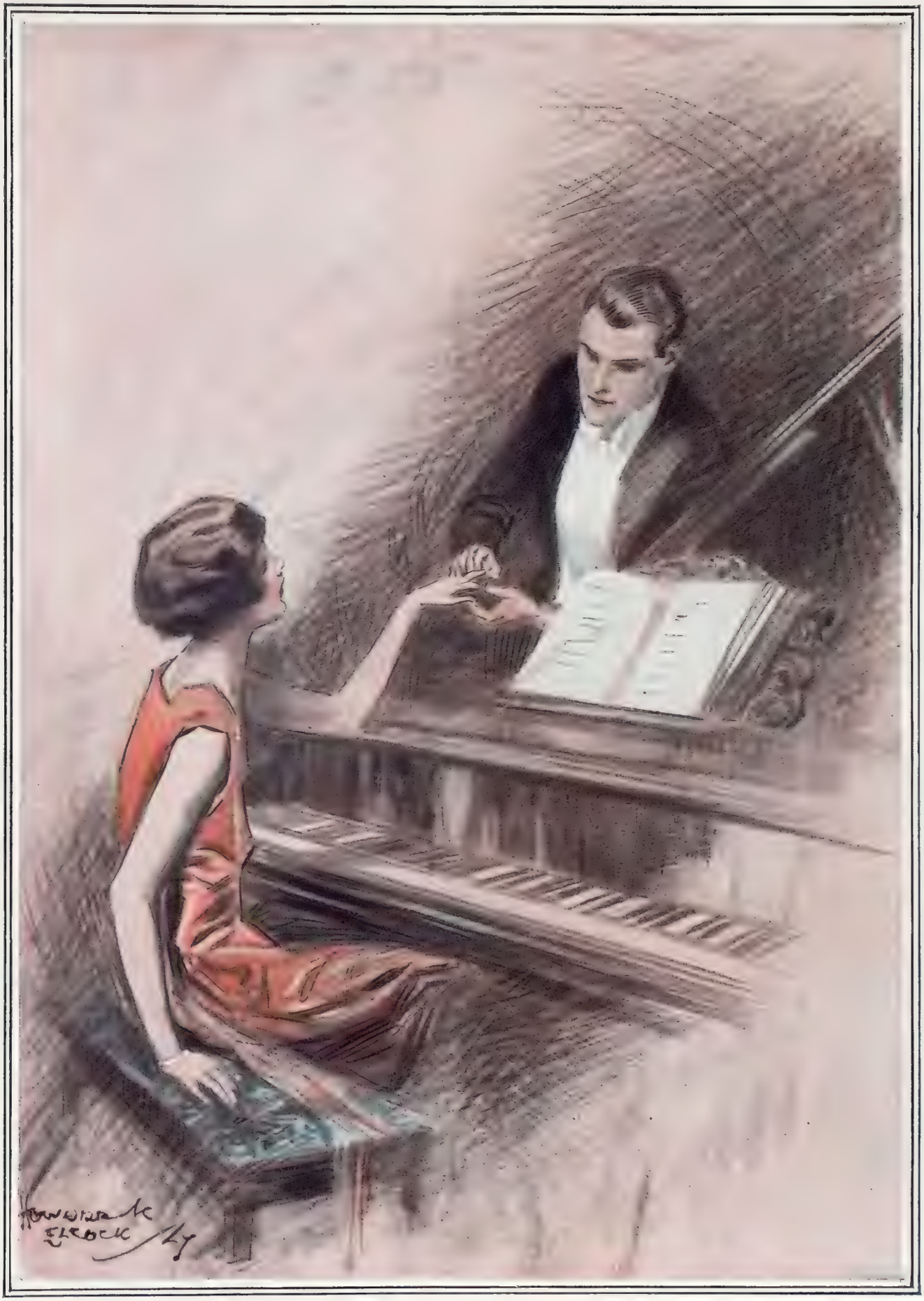
RENÉ.

THE END OF THE WINTER SPORTS SEASON

By Gladys Peto

Miss Stemme-Charleston having spent all her days coming down hills like this—

And every evening putting in a little really strenuous work in the ballroom like this—

Develops a "stemming-leg" and a Charleston foot and departs for Old England like this

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

IN THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CIRCLE

A BRIDG

BY WILMOT LUNT

E PARTY

BY NICK

"LE CORDON ROUGE"

THAT KIND OF MAN

By HOLLOWAY HORN

Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN

"'I will give you one hundred and fifty pounds,' gasped the landlord"

THE inns of old England, we are told, are recovering their lost glories, thanks to the motoring public. Even my friend Birnbaum, on occasion, tears himself away from that discreet little shop in Kensington where one may purchase sixteenth-century pewter, Baxter prints or bits of lovely old Worcester, and, with his good lady, seeks the solace of the open road.

Usually, business is allied with pleasure, for Birnbaum's greatest difficulty lies in obtaining the goods he sells. He never misses an opportunity. Inns, old junk shops, casual cottages have all yielded their unsuspected treasures to him.

Birnbaum, of course, is not the man to buy the ordinary fakes with which certain modern inns are filled. They are intended, primarily, to give the joy of discovery to Americans, and Birnbaum, I am afraid, knows all about them. So much so, indeed, that he was amazed to find, that spring morning, an Elizabethan tankard on the oak chest on the landing of his hotel. The chest, like most of the other furniture in the place, was patently Tottenham Court Road, but the tankard was the real stuff.

Birnbaum's practised fingers left him no doubt on the matter. Moreover, it had that beautiful patina which time, and time alone, can give to pewter. And, after all, Birnbaum is Birnbaum, and in all London there are not three men who know more of pewter than he does.

The landlord—a furtive and rather flashy little fellow—affected to be surprised that his guest wanted to buy the tankard.

"It's been in this house for generations," he said. "It should not have been on the landing at all. Pewter of that age is valuable. Any fool knows that."

"I am offering you ten guineas for it." Birnbaum pointed out blandly.

"No. I don't want to sell it. I'm sorry. There is a sentiment in these things, Mr. Birnbaum."

Birnbaum had heard it all before. Whenever a dealer wants to buy anything its sentimental value appreciates immediately. There are two sides even to a deal.

"I agree," he smiled. "Ten guineas is also ten guineas."

The landlord shook his head: "No. I'd rather not sell."

"What is your price?" Birnbaum asked, as one who brushed sentiment on one side.

"Twenty-five pounds."

"I will take it."

"In notes . . . you will forgive me, but I do not take cheques for anything I sell. It is an invariable practice."

"Very wise," said Birnbaum amicably. "Here are five five-pound notes."

"Thanks."

The next morning Birnbaum happened to pick up the tankard which he had placed by the side of his suit-case.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked Madame Birnbaum, who was still in bed.

"Nothing," said her husband, softly. "Nothing."

But there was. The oldest trick in the world had been played, and on Birnbaum of all people. The tankard he had bought was Elizabethan; the one in his hand was—in the pewter dealer's phrase—still warm from the mould. To the inexpert eye it was the same tankard. But Birnbaum was not inexpert; he could have told it was a fake with his eyes closed.

"The dirty dog!" he said aloud.

"What *is* the matter, dear?" his wife repeated, anxiously.

"Nothing," he said again, in that soft tone she knew so well. "Do you mind if we stay here a few days?" he went on.

"No. I like the hotel, and the little town."

"Good. . . . I will teach him a lesson."

An hour later the furtive-eyed landlord found Birnbaum examining a portrait which he had noticed the previous evening. It was an oil in a pear-wood frame. The picture was too dirty, and was hung too badly for clear examination. It was a very small one, not more than ten inches by eight.

"That's a speculative piece, Sir," the landlord put in.

"Very," said Birnbaum.

"I bought it in a cottage, and stuck it in that frame. The frame's unsuitable, of course, for that picture, but I thought the portrait itself might be good."

"What is it, do you think?"

"I don't know much about pictures. But there's something about it, if you follow me . . ."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"I'll give you two guineas for it," said Birnbaum.

"Oh, come!" protested the furtive-eyed one. "The frame's worth that."

"The frame is quite modern. I know that much." Birnbaum spoke in his quiet voice.

"No, I want a fiver for it. I'm not anxious to sell it. I've taken rather a fancy to it, as a matter of fact."

"Right-ho—I'll give you a fiver for it."

And then and there Birnbaum handed over the money.

"I like this," said Birnbaum, once he had the picture. "I like it very much." He carried it to the window and examined it carefully.

"Who is the artist?" asked the landlord, a little anxiously.

"I don't know. It may be a . . . find. There still are such things."

"I got it as I said, in a cottage," said the landlord, even more anxiously. "I told you I didn't know much about it."

"I can see that," smiled Birnbaum, "or you wouldn't have sold it for a fiver. I shall send it straight away to an expert. I wonder if I can get it packed in the village? I'll see, anyway."

That afternoon a perturbed landlord ascertained that Birnbaum had actually packed the picture himself at the village carpenter's, and, afterwards, sent it by registered post to a London address.

Three days later it was returned, and again by registered post. It was duly handed to its owner, who locked it in his suit-case. This, too, was known to the landlord. There was no letter by that post, or at least, none was delivered to Birnbaum. And there was none for him the following morning.

As he went out, however, just after ten o'clock, the landlord met him in the hall. A grim smile crossed Birnbaum's face as he noticed him waiting.

"Good morning, Mr. Birnbaum," he said cheerily. "A splendid day!"

"I'm very glad," said Birnbaum. "My wife and I are going to Brighton for lunch."

"Have you heard from your expert over that little picture?"

"No. I expected I should by this morning's post, but I didn't. He sent the picture back—that came yesterday afternoon—but there is no word from him. I can't understand it."

"It looks as if the picture were a dud, I'm afraid."

"I don't think so. I'm practically certain that it's good. The expert will know. I sent it to Graatz. He happens to be in London at the moment, although his place is in the Rue de la Paix, in Paris, of course. Still, we shall hear by the next post, I don't doubt, and I'll tell you what he says. By the way, my wife and I will be leaving to-morrow morning."

"I'm . . . I'm rather sorry I sold it," said the landlord.

"Oh?"

"I . . . to tell you the truth, there was another visitor interested in it."

"I knew it was good!" said Birnbaum exultantly. "I knew it!"

"He doesn't know anything about pictures," said the landlord hastily. "He likes a picture if he likes it, as it were. He'd have given me ten."

"That's a pity. You lost five by selling it to me, then. Still . . . what one loses on the swings . . ."

"What will you take for it?" asked the landlord with a casualness that was far too perfect to be genuine.

"I never go back on a gamble, my friend. I never—what do the bookies say?—lay off a bet."

"What do you want for it?" asked the desperate landlord. In that second he dropped pretence as if it had been a cloak.

"I want one hundred and fifty pounds," said Birnbaum with a quiet smile.

"One hundred and fifty pounds?" exclaimed the landlord in genuine amazement.

"Neither more nor less," said Birnbaum. "And even at that price I don't press you to buy it back. I have a feeling that there is money in that little picture. I can't think why Graatz has not written to me. There was no letter in the parcel."

"I will give you one hundred and fifty pounds," gasped the landlord. It was rather as if the words choked him.

"Look here," said Birnbaum suspiciously, "what have you found out about the picture?"

"Nothing . . . nothing . . . but—hang it all, I was a fool to sell it!"

"I quite agree," said Birnbaum.

"A hundred and fifty, you asked . . ."

"Yes. But, on second thoughts, my dear chap, I can't help feeling that you have found out something."

"You offered it to me for one hundred and fifty pounds," insisted the landlord. "I'll get you the money—I have enough in the office."

He counted out the notes and pushed them at Birnbaum.

"I did offer it, I admit. And a bargain's a bargain," said Birnbaum uneasily. "But I'm doubtful. However . . ."

He took the notes.

"I'll get you the picture," he said.

Birnbaum had replaced it in the wrapping in which it had come back to him, and with trembling fingers the landlord untied the string.

"Yes," he said with a sigh of relief. "That's all right. Now . . . I want a receipt."

"Sure," said Birnbaum. He wrote one out, stamped it, signed it, and handed it to the landlord.

Alone in his office the landlord gloated over his recovered picture. From his safe he took a letter addressed, but never delivered, to Birnbaum. The landlord had been on the look-out for it and had noticed the name, "Graatz: Art Appraiser," on the envelope Whereupon he had . . . intercepted it. He read it for perhaps the tenth time, with complete satisfaction.

"Dear Birnbaum" (the letter ran), "You've struck oil this time. The picture is unsigned, but very few of the early works of this artist *are* signed. It's signed all over, as a matter of fact. Berkowitz, of Berlin, is staying with me. He quite agrees, and is willing to certify that the picture is, in his opinion, a Romney of the best period. There are one or two finer examples of the artist's work in the National Gallery, and one in the Louvre, but I know of none in private collections which can compare with it. Bristow, of New York, is your man, but, personally, I think it would be better to let Christie's have it. Bristow would be there, in any case, if there were a Romney going.

"I should insure it at once for twenty thousand pounds if it were mine.

"How on earth did it get into such a frame? That is patently a fake.

"All the best . . . you lucky old devil! Thine.—Antoine Graatz."

A smile of beatific joy rested on the furtive features. Twenty thousand pounds! It had a lovely sound.

. . . . . .

"Serve him right," said the cynical Graatz the next evening, after Birnbaum had told him what had happened. "I am a bit nervous about it, though," he went on. "It's rather like what the lawyers call conspiracy."

"It was not conspiracy," protested Birnbaum. "Surely, if I ask you to send me a certain letter, addressed to me at a hotel, and a third party steals that letter . . . there can be no question of conspiracy. I didn't show him the letter, remember. Indeed, I have never mentioned the letter to him. He himself made the offer. My receipt was for a portrait in a pear-wood frame. Well, that was what he got."

"I see now why you wanted my name on the envelope," said Graatz, with a grin. "But what made you think he would pinch the letter?"

"He was that kind of man," said Birnbaum simply. H. H.

The Feminine Touch

Newby, Douglas

MISS OLIVE RIMMER

One of the younger generation of British film stars, who has been approached by an American company to transfer her activities to Hollywood. Miss Rimmer has a good singing voice and she may do work in connection with new speaking films

The Sporting Side of Life and

THE SERVICES AT TWICKENHAM

Prince George shaking hands with the Royal Air Force XV before their game with the Royal Navy at Twickenham. Although, as was expected, the Navy won, the Air Force put up a good fight, losing by 8 points to 3

THE WINNER

Laurence Steeples, the 18-year-old Sheffield player, who won the Amateur Billiards Championship. He beat H. F. C. Coles, of Cardiff, by 551 points

Photographs

W. MARTIN (Selwyn) winning the Long Jump

Sport and General

C. C. LEGGE (King's) winning the 100 Yards, with W. MARTIN (Selwyn) and G. R. H. WEBSTER (Selwyn), second and third respectively

Two of the events at the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Meeting at Cambridge, between King's and Selwyn. King's won this competition by beating Selwyn 73-35, thus qualifying for the semi-final of the Second Division of the Inter-Collegiate Competition

WET BOBS IN ACTION

Central News

The Eton Trial Eights took place recently under favourable conditions. The Light Blues are seen beating the Dark Blues, whom they overtook after passing Victoria Bridge by a length and a half

Some of Those Who Contribute to It

Keystone

A HOUSE DIVIDED

F. W. Carpenter, Cambridge (left), and his brother, A. J. Carpenter, Oxford, who opposed each other in the University Hockey Match. F. W. Carpenter scored three of Cambridge's four goals

Sport and General

R. S. Crisp

CREWS ON THE RIVER—AND IN IT!

The top photograph shows an aquatic "traffic-block" during the Lent Races at Cambridge, when Pembroke V had to abandon their boat after being bumped by King's III. Below is Jesus I boat, which retained the Headship of the River

Central News

A TUSSLE BEFORE GOAL

An exciting tussle for possession near the Cambridge goal during the University Hockey match, which took place recently on the Beckenham ground. Cambridge beat Oxford by four goals to one

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A NEW society has been formed pledging themselves not to use taxis till the fares come down. They ought to call themselves Total Cabstainers.

. . . . . .

BOOKS may provide you with links with the past, say the Froth Blowers; but if you join them they'll supply you with links as a present.

. . . . . .

IT is said that French examiners are making it harder for University undergraduates to obtain degrees. Doubtless they are acting on the old Verdun maxim, *Ils ne passeront pas!*

. . . . . .

CHINESE authorities have put a ban on skirts which show the knees. After the Cantonese we get the cant on knees!

. . .

"WHERE have you been, old chap?"

"Saskatchewan."

"I say! Have you got the 'flu?"

. . .

A MAN was recently summoned for using bad language to his wife. The magistrate disregarded his defence that he was a Blaster.

. . .

To disprove that baseball jargon is difficult to understand, we cull the following from an American paper:—"The pill-propeller straightened, used his stretching wind-up, and caused the batter to plump down a soggy bunt that snuffed out a runner at the plate."

. . .

THE Labour M.P. glee singers choir has been offered an engagement on the music-halls. There will be some glee in Parliament if it accepts.

WE are informed that Suzanne has severed her engagement with her manager. Anyhow, Suzanne has made a Pyle.

. . . . . .

A DESERTER from the Army was arrested last week. In his statement to the police he stated that during the war he had served as a butcher at Hindquarters. Poor innocent lamb!

. . . . . .

"So your sister is twelve. She must be getting quite a tall girl."

"Yes; she's almost up to mummy's skirts."

. . . . . .

AT the moment of writing, *Dracula* is going strong at the Little Theatre. Those who have seen it say that it is perfect as a British Vampire Exhibition.

. . . . . .

LITTLE LONDON

(*With apologies to Mr. Pett Ridge in the "Morning Post."*)

EALING is a borough with several thousand inhabitants. It has several streets and a Town Hall where business is transacted. The various public-houses are well worth a visit, and at stated hours the banks are open. Here and there a policeman may be seen . . .

IN THE BALL ROOM

There's the "Twin Step," and
the "spin step,"
And the hectic "Hot as Sin
step,"
And the "Gaze at me and Grin
step,"
Which you glance;
But the "Kick you on the Shin step,"
And the "Have a Drop of Gin step,"
When he lands upon your instep,
Makes you dance!

. . . . . .

EVERYONE who has watched a London Scottish match this season must have been impressed by their skipper's one slogan, "Feet! Feet!" It almost seemed sometimes that the team had been forbidden to use their heads.

. . . . . .

"I SAY, old fellow, this car of yours is a joke."

"Yes, I know; but don't drive the joke home."

. . . . . .

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(Mr. Noel Coward)

Though on his style,
Replete with guile,
Abuse has oft been showered,
It's, anyway,
Quite true to say
That Coward never cowered!

. . . . . .

THE latest slogan heard at the Law Courts:—Upjohn, and at 'em!

. . . . . .

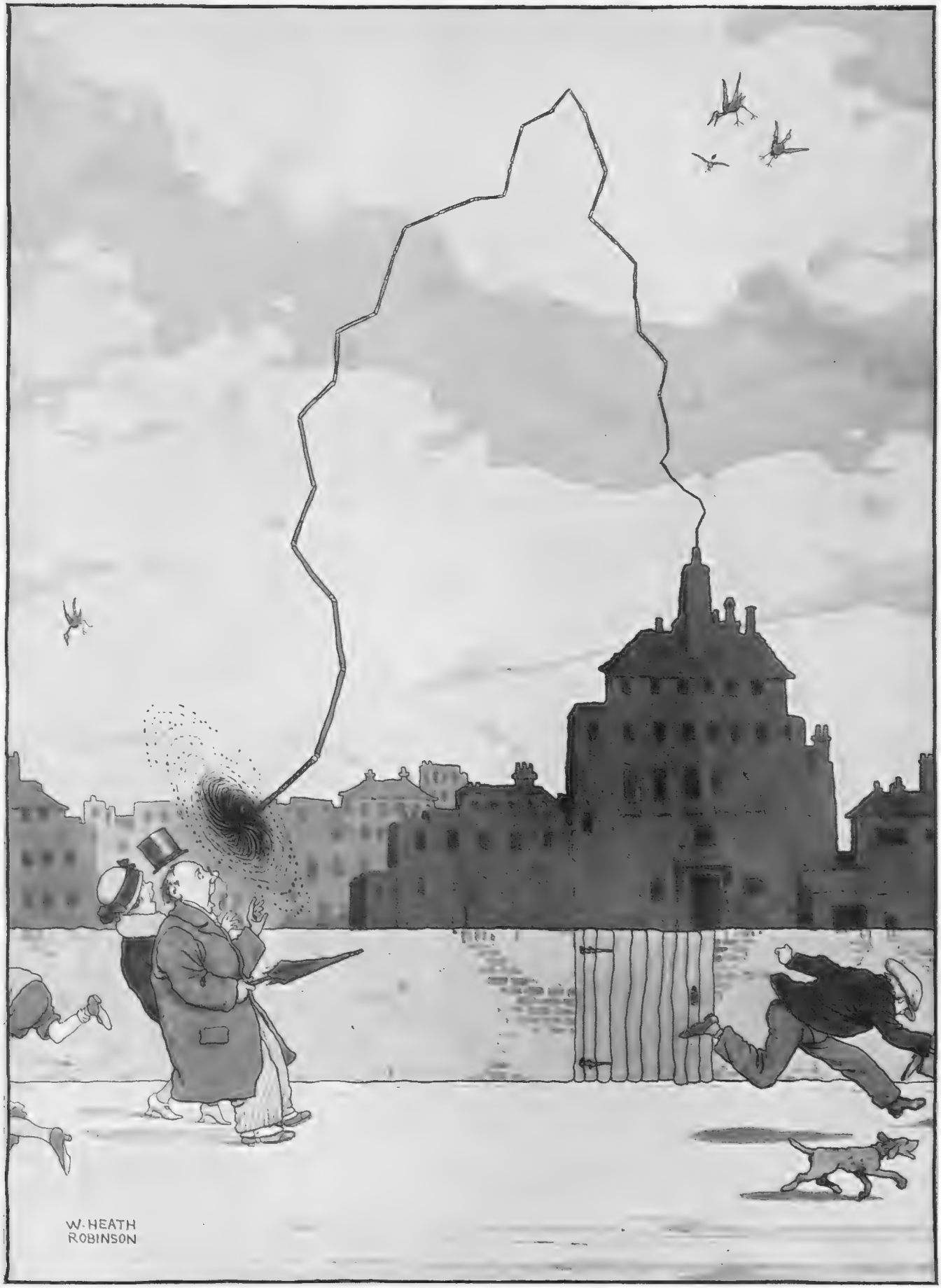
ANSWER to Correspondent:—We have been unable to trace the authorship of the song, "Where are the Girls of the Old Brocade?"

BY A. MOLLOY

REVELRY BY KNIGHT

HE: "Jolly good idea coming in the ancestral armour—one gets a little bit of space to dance in"

A Flew Brush!



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A distressing situation arising from the miscalculation of a sweep as to the height of a chimney

FIRST AID FOR THE WOUNDED

A stirring scene from the film version of "Carmen," in which the famous actress, Raquel Meller, plays the leading rôle. An Albatross Films production, it was first seen in this country at the Capitol, where it opened last week

DRAMATICS AND OPERATICS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by
OKUN INGAMAI

We received so many letters of regret from readers when Yogo Hama ceased his contributions to THE BYSTANDER *some months ago that it is with no small pleasure we are able to announce his return to England and our pages. Rejuvenated by the balmy air of Arabia, he has returned full of vigour, and his first contribution, which is the result of a visit to St. Martin's Theatre, is a masterpiece of concise and classic English*

"Hon. Standish receives good welcomings"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

I WISH you innumerous happy greetings on my return from Arabia, where I have sufficed to recover my good healths and suchly medical blessings. I are now, by special requestings and with enormous expenses, detained to depict some weekly dramatic commentings which I cannot doubt to suppose shall prove more epochal than an earthquake or other red-letter. I shall not demean my pen by making *critiques* (French for scoldings) like as my Hon. but talentless *contemporaries de plume* (more French), but depict you in best quality English the story of the play or operatic so that the most sophisticateless tyro can succeed to understand it more plainly as the nose on his face. With these so few well-selected words and modest preludings, I shall now disgorge the brass-tacks which are vizly, *Berkeleys Square*, at Hon. Sir Martin's Theatre.

Hon. Peter Standish are arrive in London from the U.S.A. of America because defunct Hon. relative has bequested him a house in Berkeleys Square which dates to Hon. Queen Anne. (The 1 who are now become more dead as a door-nail.) It contains not any *h* and *c*, electricity gadgets or other patent blessings, but are more old-fashioned as hair-pins.

Hon. friend calls at saidly house to offer his congratules to Hon. Standish, but same only emits a hollowish laugh.

"Ha, ha, you imagine to suppose I are more happy as a sand or other marine buoy!" he ejaculates. "That shows you to be an entirely ignoramus person. Will you constrain to have a cup of tea?"

"A 1,000 times yes," responses Hon. friend, "also sugar and milk to match. How luckish you are to live in this so prehistorical and Upper 10 abode."

"Here are your tea with 2 lumps of sugar and milk as per indent," says Hon. Standish. "Now I are going to tell you something which shall cause the hairs to erect themselves on you head. 1-ce upon a time my Hon. ancestor lived here in A.D. 1786. He hied from the U.Ss of America to nuptial his cousin, the Hon. Miss Pettigrew, which was done more quick as lubricated lightning because of his so enormous wealths. In those so far-offish days, persons had to be blown across Hon. Atlantic by wind because of not any steam, petrol or other modern juices. He took 27 days."

"O how glad I are to non-live in 1786!" ejacules Hon. friend. "Kindly to produce me 1 more lump of Hon. sugar if not impolite."

"I will ring for a lump," responses Hon. Standish. "Now prepare to suffer some awful shockings. I have *seen* saidly Hon. ancestor and—this are more frightful as a nightsmare—we are going to *change places*!"

"Excuse me to say I think you have a bee in your hat!" ejacules Hon. friend. "Where are my lump of sugar?"

"Drat your lump of sugar! To-night I shall perform a swapping with Hon. ancestor as aforesaidly. Then I shall be the 1786 A.D. Standish, and he will be the 1926 Standish."

"I think you are more mad as a hatter or other March rabbit and should consult an M.D. with enormous non-delay," responses Hon. friend. "My tea are grown more cold as charity and I shall go and make purchase some at a Lyons Express. I wish you good lucks."

Hon. friend exits himself P.D.Q. and the lights grow more and more brightless. The wind performs awful gustings and it starts to rain more thick as cats and dogs. It are very frightful and spookish

"This causes Hon. Miss Pettigrew to suffer jealousies and other yellow spasms"

night and I thank my good luck stars I are not Hon. Standish 1786/1926.

Then all of a suddenly we find ourselves transposed to 1786 in the Berkeleys Square house. Hon. Lady Ann Pettigrew are expecting Hon. cousin Standish from America which he has just arrived in London from after 27 days by wind. Lady Ann are very impoverish because of her son, the Hon. Tom, who plays poker, bridge, mah-jong, and other carnal sportings with deucish bad lucks.

"Your Hon. cousin are more rich as a nabob or other safe-deposit," she informs Hon. daughter. "If you do not succeed to nuptial him more quicker as blazes, I shall give you a dog's life."

"Ha, ha, this shall provide me the dibs to perform gambles with Hon. Prince Regent, Hon. Sir Dr. Johnson and other buckish persons at White's A.B.C.!" ejacules her virtueless brother.

Hon. Standish (1926) enters like as if he was Hon. Standish of 1786 and receives good welcomings because of his wealthy boodles, and in less as no time requeshes Hon. Miss Pettigrew to nuptial him.

"O, sir, this are more sudden as a thunder or other heavenly clap!" she exclams.

They become engaged for nuptialing, but, alasly, it are not to be, for Hon. Standish discovers to find he are heels over boots in love with Hon. Miss Pettigrew's sister Helen. This causes Hon.

"Requeshes Hon. Miss Pettigrew to nuptial him"

Miss Pettigrew to suffer jealousies and other yellow spasms and to give Hon. Standish the bird *toot sweet* (French for P.D.Q.). Then Hon. Standish tells Hon. Helen he are not the 1786 cousin, but the 1 from 1926.

"O this are awful cataclysmic!" begroans the so lovely Helen. "How can I nuptial a spook who may hop to 1926 and leave me in 1786?"

"If you will spouse me, I will never leave 1786 but always live in it," says Hon. Standish.

"O no, no, no, 10 thousand times no!" she ejacules weepishly. "You are 1926 person who could not live in 1786 with not any *h* and *c*, electricity lights, moting-cars and Q.F.s. Go back to 1926 and perhapsly we shall meet again on or about 1996."

They bandy kissings and Hon. Helen falls into a swoon on the floor.

1-ce more in less as a twinkling we are back in 1926. Hon. Standish are sitting broodishly by the fire and thinking of Hon. Helen who performed a swooning at his feet in 1786.

"Alasly," he bemoans, "how much better it are to be an impoverish person and non-spooked, than to possess a house in Berkeleys Square and endure to suffer frightful spookings in same."

Indeedly yes, and now *bon soir*.

Yoyo Hama

A SALUKI MEET

Photopress

A photograph showing two of the owners and entrants in the first public Saluki Coursing Club meet. This was recently held, under delightful conditions, at Amport St. Mary's, Andover

"After pausing a few minutes, Morton . . . . as the smiling landlord appeared . . . . asked him to sit down and take a share of the good cheer. This invitation was peculiarly acceptable to Niel Blane . . . . and while he received encouragement to drink by far the greater share of the liquor . . . he entered at length . . . . upon the news of the country. . .

"'Your honour will rest here a' the night? . . . .' said Niel. . . .

"'I tell you, landlord,' answered Morton . . . . 'I must go straight to this woman Maclure's house. .

"'Aweel, sir, ye'll choose for yourself . . . .' said Niel Blane . . . . ' and it's no lost that a friend gets'."

OLD MORTALITY, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

It's not lost, what a friend gets—and if he be given gentle, mellow, jovial Black & White then will "the wing of friendship never moult a feather." For Black & White cannot but make for amity. Henry Morton was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

BLACK & WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.

"Blue" Days on the River and Track

Starr and Rignall

THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT

A photograph of the Cambridge crew, which is in training at Ely. Standing (left): The Hon. J. S. Maclay (bow), R. Beesley (4), T. E. Letchworth (2), R. J. Elles (stroke) and J. C. Holcroft (3). In front: J. B. Bell (6), the Rt. Hon. W. Dudley Ward (coach), S. K. Tubbs (7), L. V. Bevan (5) and J. A. Brown (cox)

Photographs A "MOVING DAY" AT OXFORD *L.N.A.*

The photographs show two of the finals in the O.U.A.C. sports, recently held at Oxford. On the left B. M. Norton (University) is seen winning a close finish in the final of the 70 Yards Handicap, and on the right J. H. S. Wild (Brasenose) is seen "breaking the tape" in the final of the Mile Handicap

"Close-ups" of the Eton Steeplechases

Sport and Genera

J. H. HARE WINNING THE JUNIOR STEEPLECHASE

L.N.A.

SOME ONLOOKERS IN THE "GRANDSTANDS"

L.N.A.

COMPETITORS IN THE STEEPLECHASE FIND HEAVY GOING AT THE BROOK

Sport and General

(Above) C. W. BENSON, WINNER OF THE SENIOR STEEPLECHASE

The Steeplechases at Eton attracted the usual keen interest, and some very fine performances were put up. From the spectators' point of view the brook was a very popular part of the course

RACING NOTIONS By "Carbine"

The Ascot of 'Chasing

All that is best in National Hunt sport is packed into the next three weeks. The Cheltenham meeting, the soldiers' festival at Sandown, and the culminating and unique joys of Liverpool leave us regretting the passing of the jumping game, even though for three months some of its features may have exasperated or merely bored us. The seductive sunshine and attractive amenities of the winter holiday resorts have tempted me year by year to forgo the National Hunt Committee's meeting, but the charm of Cheltenham has never failed to bring me back in time for that fixture—the Ascot of steeplechasing.

Dearth of Good Amateurs

Although it is probable that at the moment more young men are running and riding their own horses than at any period since the War, there is a striking dearth of capable amateur riders. I was made to realise this recently by the receipt of a letter from a friend who sought my assistance in obtaining a good partner for a horse which he intends to run for the National Hunt Steeplechase, and which, it is important to add, holds a good chance. Mr. Harry Brown was not available, and I was soon to learn that Mr. S. Dennis would be required for one of Whitaker's, to whose stable he is attached. What others are there in the top class among those who are in regular practice? I could only suggest Mr. Johnny Gosden. He has been seen to advantage this winter on Word of Honour and Saunter, but I am unaware at the moment whether or not my friend has sought his services.

A National Outsider

I incline to the opinion that Mr. H. Kennard is one of the soundest among present-day "bumpers," but one has little to judge him by beyond his occasional efforts on his own horse

By "The Tout"

ERIC FOSTER

A cartoon of the famous steeplechase jockey whose services are in great demand at all the big meetings. Foster's mount in "The National" is certain to have a big public following

Dwarf of the Forest. He showed plenty of dash when he won on him at Derby recently, and I should not be surprised if the pair of them put up a really good show together in the Grand National. They finished sixth in 1925 and tenth last year. It is to be doubted if the general merit of this year's field will be as high as it was upon those occasions, and it is obvious that Dwarf of the Forest is as likely as any to complete the course. He would appear to be a thorough stayer possessing fair speed.

That Precious Call-over

Outside the narrow limits of their professional operations the bookmakers as a class are poor tacticians. Organised efforts to secure an alteration in the betting tax have been hindered and prejudiced by much ill-advised policy upon their part. One would have thought that, in spite of the crippling effect of the tax, they would have formed some sort of market in the clubs upon the Lincolnshire and the Grand National if only to maintain a procedure which has served them well for a long time. As it is, they appear to have given the whole show away. The prices which have been produced in the past by these calls-over have been largely in the nature of window-dressing for the benefit of the public, and there has been reason to doubt if some of the bets upon which the returns were based represented genuine business. From my own journalistic experience I know that the public were interested in and demanded this "London betting," but the fact remains that it seldom told them anything useful. Most stable commissions at long odds are done not in the London clubs, but with big provincial firms, who make their own prices in an enterprising manner. Is it because $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. tax would have to be paid upon "spoof" bets as well as upon live ones that a recent call-over fizzled out?

HUNTING NOTES By A. W. Coaten

The Prince and the Quorn

The Prince of Wales and his brother, Prince Henry, participated in a splendid run with the Quorn last week-end, when the fixture was at Kirby Hall. Finding in the famous Adams Gorse, a little covert near Thorpe Satchville from which Captain Otho Paget's pack of beagles takes its name, with the best country in the Hunt within hail, hounds ran for an hour and forty minutes, covering fifteen miles of country without touching a single covert except just skirting Lady Wood, and finishing at Little Dalby, where they were robbed of their well-earned reward by being halloaed on to a fresh fox when outside the boundaries of their own country.

In the Plough Countries

First-rate sport is also being enjoyed in the plough countries. On the day after the Quorn gallop the Essex Union, a pack founded by Lord Petre 105 years ago, had a great day, killing a leash of foxes. The first, a very old dog, put up in a rough pasture, was killed by the bitch pack before he could get out of the field. Hardly had he been broken up when another jumped up a little way off, and was hunted hard for an hour and thirty-five minutes before he got among several fresh foxes, and hounds, having changed, were stopped. A fox that jumped off the roof of a shed at Rettendon Place was coursed in view for about half a mile before being rolled over, and a vixen found in a neighbouring farm was pulled down on the lawn of Rettendon Place after a racing twenty-three minutes. The Hertfordshire bitches also greatly distinguished themselves this week by hunting a fox for two hours fifty minutes on a poor scent, and he was only half a field ahead when he got into a small rabbit-hole, where he had to be left as it was in Puckeridge territory. The furthest point was seven miles, and a lot more country was covered.

Sir C. Lowther and the Wynnstay

As a sequel to his resignation of the Joint-Mastership of the Pytchley, Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles Lowther has accepted an invitation from Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn to go to North Wales next season and help with the Wynnstay hounds, hunting them on two days a week out of the four. The first Sir Watkin was killed while hunting in 1749, and in 1788 his successor established at Wynnstay a pack which was broken up for a time and re-established in 1793. The existing pack was started in 1843, and the present baronet has held the Mastership continuously since 1885.

More Vacant Masterships

Several more Masters of Foxhounds have announced their intention of retiring at the end of the season, three each in England and Ireland and one in Scotland, viz., Captain T. Holland-Hibbert, Mr. R. Cardwell and Mr. Kenneth Kemble respectively from the Avon Vale, Southdown and Tedworth; Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Major M. L. Lakin, and Mr. Norman Field from the Kildare, Wexford, and Westmeath; and Lieut.-Col. T. C. Dunlop from the Eglinton. Miss Mabel Usborne, of Writtle, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Usborne, M.P., after giving careful consideration to the invitation of the Essex Hunt Committee to succeed Col. Seymour Gosling in the Mastership, regrets that she is unable to accept the position.

R.N. Hunt Club

Commander J. W. McCowen, Hon. Secretary of the Royal Naval Hunt Club, sends me word from the United Services Club, Pall Mall, that, subject to the approval of the M.P.C., their Point-to-Point will be held in conjunction with the Portman Hunt on March 30.

HOW VIROL BUILDS *FOR LIFE*

MRS. BAKER
and her new baby
TO-DAY.

MRS. BAKER
WHEN A CHILD

Age 5 years 7 months. Weight 1 st. 7 lbs. 2 ozs.
BEFORE TAKING VIROL.

Age 6 years. Weight 3 st. 2 lbs. 2 ozs.
AFTER 5 MONTHS ON VIROL

Two Generations *of* PROOF

Fifteen years ago Mrs. Baker (then a child of six) was at death's door. Virol saved her life and laid the foundations of her own permanent good health and that of her child.

Read what Mrs. Baker says herself:—

19, Belmont Park Road, Leyton, E. January, 1927.

Dear Sirs,

"I feel sure that the enclosed photograph (printed above) of two generations of Virol children will interest you. As you already know, my life was saved by Virol during a severe illness, when I had been given up by the doctors, between 5 and 6 years of age. My baby boy is now ten months old, and is a splendid boy with fine strong limbs. He is full of life and very good-tempered. He has 8 teeth and is beginning to walk. I have breast fed him entirely till now, with the addition of Virol the whole time.

"I find Virol-and-Milk very valuable for myself." (Signed) MRS. E. BAKER.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO Mrs. Baker's mother wrote:—

"She was reduced to a mere skeleton (Photo 1). The Doctor said the only thing that would pull her up was Virol. In five months she more than doubled her weight. Her illness left her so weak that she could not keep a particle of food down but the Virol—that seemed to feed her and strengthen her chest. She is now a picture of health" (Photo 2).

Virol is the only food which can exhibit such a remarkable case of racial improvement. Give *your* child Virol in the critical years of growth and development

VIROL THE FOOD OF LIFE

In Jars 1/3, 2/- & 3/9, ½-gall. 15/-. VIROL LTD., HANGER LANE, EALING, W.5

These are guaranteed to be genuine photographs and accurate particulars of Mrs. Baker. This and every other case published by Virol Ltd. are open to the strictest investigation by any Doctor interested.

IN FURRIN PARTS

DOGGY HYSTERICS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

"RULING passions are strong, and tho' life in Russia has been something of a nightmare these many years now, sport manages to survive. Our recent Dog Shows have proved that, despite different forms of 'hate' engendered—even taught—by Bolshevism, the love of Dogs remains among us." So writes a reader of these notes just returned from Leningrad. It certainly is interesting and curious to learn that at the Moscow Show a couple of months back the judges had to tackle no fewer than 161 Pointers, 138 English Setters, 126 Irish Setters, 44 Gordons, and 29 German Pointers. Here, as everywhere else (and despite anti-British propaganda), English Gun-dogs are esteemed above all others. *Our Dogs* reports that wolves and foxes were provided for Borzois trials, but that the authorities intervened and forbade their use on grounds of humanity. If a few capitalists, or an English Home Secretary, could have been provided, they might have been satisfied!

That always chic and generally vivacious relative of our "National Dog," the Bouledogue Français (whose popularity in England is much on the rise at the moment), suffered some eclipse in Deutschland during the 1914-18 period, even as the Dachshund faded away in some other lands. But the French Bulldog Club of Germany reports a considerable renaissance in 1926, with no fewer than nineteen shows for this breed. Germany greatly favours the British Terriers—Fox, Scotties, Irish, Airedales, etc.—and has its own clubs for most of them, the Smooth Fox Terrier being on pretty equal terms with the Wires so far. There is to be a big Terrier Show in Monte Carlo at the end of March, under English Kennel Club rules, Monte being outside the jurisdiction of the French Société Centrale. The Hereditary Princess of Monaco is a keen fancier of Wire-haired Fox Terriers. The Dog Show at Nice in March will be under French rules. Italians seem to be specially keen on English Gun-Dogs, and Spanish fanciers greatly admire our Greyhounds. They cultivate three varieties of their own Greyhounds—smooth, wire-haired, and long-coated. In these, as in so many of Spain's institutions, one can still trace Moorish influences and the blood of the Arab's coursing *sloghis*, which has given us our graceful present-day Salukis here in England.

This is hardly the place for abstruse veterinary problems, but, in reply to two correspondents, I would say that specific hysteria is a recognised disease among Dogs, even as among the lords and ladies of creation. Mr. Louis Sewell has given considerable research to it, and recently wrote informingly about it in *The Dog Bulletin*; toward the end of January, I fancy. Young Dogs are more liable to attacks than maturer specimens; spring and summer bring more of it than winter; and in severe attacks Dogs have seriously injured themselves in different ways. It is not yet known whether the disease is bacterial; but it is pretty obvious that the more natural and doggy and the less sedentary and artificial a Dog's life, the safer he is in the matter of escaping all such disorders.

"East African Reader" writes:—"Properly speaking the so-called Wild Hunting Dog of this country is not a Dog at all, any more than the wolf is. He is considerably smaller than the Alsatian, generally yellow, with dark head and tail and bat ears. They hunt in packs of ten or a dozen, and very deadly hunters they are, because they never relinquish a trail. It's a blessing they are not very numerous, because they are more destructive to game than lions, and hunt by day as well as by night. I'm sure it's a mistake to call them Dogs."

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

SINGLETON WEAKNESS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

LAST week I dealt with the strange delusion that the possession of a singleton of the suit your opponents are bidding increases the value of your hand in your own trump suit. I showed how the possession of a singleton may lose tricks instead of winning them, especially if Dummy happens to have that suit. Here is a case in point:—

	Y S.—8, 4, 3. H.—7, 4, 2. D.—A, K, 8 C.—J, 6, 5, 3.	
S.—J, 10. H.—A, K, J, 8, 6. D.—10, 9, 3. C.—K, Q, 7.	A B Z	S.—9, 7. H.—Q, 10, 9, 5. D.—Q, 7, 4, 2 C.—A, 9, 8.
	S.—A, K, Q, 6, 5, 2. H.—3. D.—J, 6, 5. C.—10, 4, 2.	

Score: Love all. Z deals and bids "One Spade"; A, "Two Hearts"; Y, "No bid"; B, "Three Hearts"; Z, "Three Spades." All pass.

. . . . . .

The interesting point about this hand, where Z holds six trumps and a singleton Heart, is to see what influence this singleton has on the result. Doubtless the possession of the singleton had an effect upon Z's bidding and caused him to over-value his hand. Now you will see that as the cards lie Z's hand is worth six tricks—no more. A led two rounds of Hearts, Z trumping the second and exhausting the adversaries' trumps in two rounds. Now he starts Clubs, hoping to make the fourth if that suit was spilt. But it does not matter how he plays, he is bound, if the adversaries play properly, to be one down on his contract, losing a Heart, a Diamond, and three Clubs.

What influence on the result had the singleton or Z's ability to ruff Hearts on the second round? You will see that it had none at all. Change Z's hand a little and give him two Hearts, so that he cannot ruff that suit until the third round, and take away one of his Clubs, exchanging with A. Now he loses two *Hearts*, but only two Clubs and one Diamond, and the result is the same, which shows that the early ruff had nothing to do with it.

Or change the hand again and give Z three Hearts, so that he cannot ruff that suit at all, and let him hold only two cards in Diamonds and two in Clubs. He still makes only two by cards, as he loses no Diamond trick, but must lose three Hearts and two Clubs.

It is obvious, therefore, that the singleton made no difference at all to the value of Z's hand.

The great point is that Z could not hope to make his contract of "Three Spades" unless he finds three tricks in Dummy.

. . . . . .

The case is, of course, quite different when the singleton is in Dummy's hand. Here it is a most valuable asset. Supposing Z has bid "One Spade" and A "Two Hearts," and Y holds:—S.—9, 6, 3; H.—5; D.—A, K, 6, 4, 2; C.—J, 9, 8, 5. Here the fact of the singleton in Y's hand is as good as if he held the King of Hearts, because on the second round of Hearts he can ruff with his smallest trump.

This is a matter insufficiently appreciated in bidding.

When your partner has made a bid and been overbid, and you have a singleton or none of the opponents' suit, you are in a strong position to support him if you have three or more small trumps, even though your hand may not be otherwise strong. In fact, you might have a Yarborough, and yet have excellent support for your partner because of your shortage in two suits.

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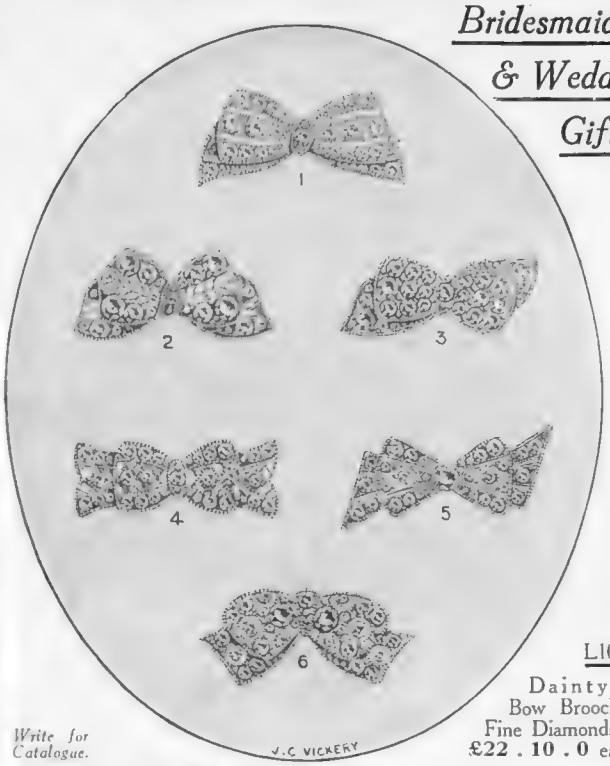

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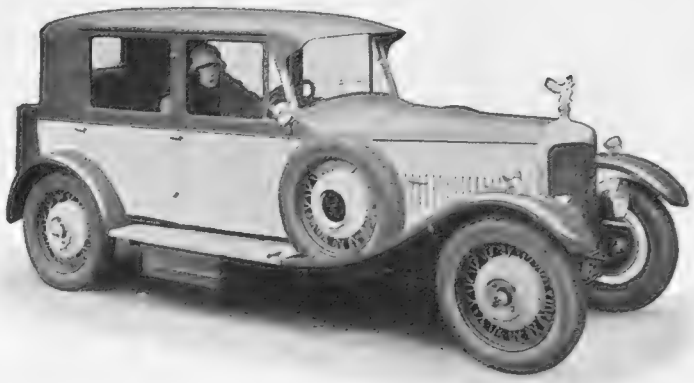

John o'Groats—Monte Carlo Rally, 1927.

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Germain Inurges

A NEW FILM PLAYER

Miss Marget Milne, who is appearing in a series of little dramas of English life, which Mr. William J. Elliott has produced at the Esher Studios. Miss Milne, who is only eighteen, has also acted with Mr. J. B. Fagan's Oxford Players

Femina

WOMEN AND WAX.

By "CANDIDA"

RED hats in Regent Street, and an east wind blowing through the chinks of one fur coat. It's obvious that Spring's in the air, or soon will be, if these signs are anything to go by. Spring's in the air, though not exactly in the cold, unpleasant one we breathe. It's in the mental atmosphere, so to speak, in the stuff that dreams are made of, which dreams will later on turn into the great new idea of the season. Every Spring has its atmosphere of promise, its dawn of a new outlook on the same old world, just as it has its *soi-disant* new coats. And as it's risking influenza to wear the new coats, one consoles oneself, as best one can, with new ideas.

IT'S been said by one of the disillusioned that there's nothing new under the sun—meaning, of course, that the same old nonsense goes on for ever and ever. Perhaps it does, but it's up to us to see it differently. If the ingredients don't vary, the pudding does according to the way you mix it, and nothing prevents you from advertising your mixture as something very special and new and never-before-attempted. Lots of clever people do it, and the less clever believe them. The makers of the red hats, for instance, are convinced that red is the last word in Spring ideas, and that never before has it been uttered, having apparently forgotten all about last March, and the March before. And, indeed, by dint of working very hard, I've discovered that the red of this Spring is quite a new thing in redness; that this mixture of sealing-wax and pillar-box, of geranium and cherry, of Florentine red with a dash of ochre about it, of Turner sunsets and goodness knows what else besides, has never been done before. But to most of us red is just red, and the longest way round is only the shortest way home. Which isn't saying that the people who've invented red hats haven't done their newest and best. Only their way of being frightfully new mostly boils down to having a bad memory.

THE new ideas to be are mysteriously wrapped in the uncertainties which live on the knees of the gods, just as the new frocks are still wrapped in tissue paper. One day they (the ideas) will be sprung upon us when nobody knows. What they'll be is equally obscure. The only thing that's certain is that we shall all look on them as our own bright brain wave, our very exclusive property. I know four French hairdressers who claim to have invented the shingle, and each one is dead certain that the other three are mistaken. Ideas are in the air, people say, and as the air is everybody's, so are the ideas. And meanwhile the wind of inspiration bloweth where it listeth, and we like to think we can collect a bit of it for our very own as some Americans collect stones as souvenirs in old abbeys and castles.

THUS and thus I thought as I went shopping in Regent Street so early one morning that I and the dust carts and the Regent Street cats had the place pretty well to ourselves. Busy people were dressing shop windows, those finished productions of windows which one hardly ever sees *en deshabillé*. Yards of gold and silver tissue and of rainbow-coloured silks were flung about the place as if to say: "There's lots more magnificence where we come from." The minxes in wax wore their new spring suits with red hats (of course) a flower to match and a smile. Outside on the kerb stood a man minus hat and coat oblivious to the winds that blew. He was directing manœuvres, organising the show and beckoning this way and that with an absorbed, don't-talk-to-the-man-at-the-wheel sort of expression. The minxes fell into the picture guided by unseen hands. There they stood or sat about in come-onish attitudes such as no live woman ever dreams of relapsing into however great the provocation. And yet, for all their unreality, they looked more real than life. I could imagine them saying breezy things to each other, things that matched the *dernier cri*, so to speak, which they wore on their backs: "We're the goods," they seemed to be telling each other and me; and really I couldn't deny it.

IT'S not so easy as it looks (not that it looks easy to anyone who knows) to show the stuff to the best advantage, the shop's advantage I mean. The directing genius, otherwise window dresser, is of course a genius, but his isn't a life of art for art's sake. It's got to be an expression of his art, plus that something else which makes one's money fly, especially in Spring. Art's all very well in its way, but it doesn't get you very far without a spice of what we call "psychology."

FOR me those waxen ladies have a curious fascination. They're so like us as they stand in the windows with their best foot forward. They wear their new spring coats as we wear our new spring opinions cut according to the pattern of the moment. Their smile, like ours, isn't frightfully sincere, but smiling's a duty they owe to the crowd. Our smiling may be a sorry business sometimes, but where would civilisation be without it? The waxen ladies are made up; round their eyes they wear becoming black shadows; on their cheeks a beautiful pink, and their mouth is the correct note of scarlet. And we, when we discuss love and life and trifles like that, we prefer to add a little red and black in the proper places to the great, stark verities which are always a little bald and unadorned. We face the world with our best foot forward like the mannequins; we're shifted by fate as they are by the window dresser. In fact, there's no end to this ridiculous likeness.

Sasha

MME. DORA SHOLVA

A recent photograph of the fascinating Russian *diseuse*, who is returning to England for a short season on March 7. She is to appear at the Café de Paris and the Coliseum

BY PUYS

THE MAGICIAN

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Invitations have been issued to 60 clubs in and around London. All competitors will be made Honorary Members of the Club on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8th and 9th, and on the day of the contest will be the guests for lunch and tea of "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies.

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WHAT SHALL WE GIVE UP?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 28.

DEAR COUSIN—

HAVE you decided yet what to do about Lent? Which you know is right upon us and almost in our very midst, what with pancakes this Tuesday and indigestion on Wednesday, or words to that effect, and I suppose, if we were really properly *dévotes,* sackcloth all the rest of the time right to the bitter end. But really, you know, quite

"Croquet was a new and immoral sport"

hard work to know what to give up for the occasion these days—anyway, fasting'd be simply *too* easy, seeing that everybody's doing it now, so to speak, or, at any rate, quite lots of us.

STILL, in the olden days these were brave words, my masters, in their talk about fasting and giving up the luxuries. And, like most brave things, quite probably true to life, and hit the bull's-eye and ring the bell and all the rest of it. And oh, by the way, I do wonder if the dear old monks of those lovely spacious mediæval days put it to themselves like that, too, as they went down to the colossal refectory of their glorious old Abbey, with its great wooded estates, in their sandals and nice sort of corded dressing-gowns. And, sternly putting by all thoughts of venison and pasties and pies and roast sucking-pigs and the like, nobly and piously contented themselves with just a few paltry trout fresh from the famous monastery stream, or carp stuffed with spices and lemons and cloves, or soles cooked in choice wine, with perhaps a little soup and a sweet and a savoury omelet to make the board look a bit less devastatingly bare, what?

BUT what *shall* we give up, after all, in this appointed period of Lent, if it's only to get that truly delightful sort of reaction they're talking about when the noble deed's over, and we're to have that glorious ecstasy of irresponsible joy that's to repay us for all our highly virtuous self-sacrifice, and then some? Shall we give up theatres, for instance? But no, couldn't quite do *that,* I don't think, especially not with all the nice things they've got on at the playhouses just now. As, for example, that thrilling and tragic Galsworthy one, *Escape,* at the Ambassadors, that's all about a gallant soldier-man, who's got into Dartmoor from no fault of his own, and tries to get away. While at the Haymarket Mr. Cedric Hardwicke is screamingly funny every night in *Yellow Sands,* and Miss Edna Best exquisite as the only child-woman I've ever seen on the stage in *The Constant Nymph* at the New.

"Scarlet-lipped, cigarette-smoking nymphs of to-day"

LIKEWISE the great Sir Gerald calmly and coolly and well-dressedly dominates the situation at the St. James's in *Interference* (intrigues and poisonings and tantrums by Hilda Moore in the loveliest black pyjamas), and charming Tallulah says the boldest, baddest things in *The Gold Diggers* at the Lyric, with "quick results and no consequences." And Mr. Hulbert and Phyllis Dare gaily say in *Lido Lady* at the Gaiety of how—

> Here in my arms it's adorable;
> It's deplorable
> That you were never there.

And in one of the very newest shows, at Daly's, Mr. George Graves is perfectly sweet as George Graves; and Marie Tempest is Marie Tempest to the life in *The Marquise* at the Cri., with nice little lady-like oh-I-do-hope-it's-improper sort of jokes like—

> MARIE T.—And there were mice in my bedroom.
>
> MR. GRAHAM BROWNE (her real life husband).—There were not.
>
> MARIE T.—I don't see how you are so positive; its indelicate of you.

And yet there are actually some people who talk about the frightful sexiness and immorality of our present-day drama!

Opposing counsel settling in a friendly way

ALSO not altogether unentertaining, perhaps, some ways, that author of said so thrillingly naughty drama (which might have slightly shocked the very mildest of the mice if they *had* been there, I don't think) should be that very

self-same Mr. Noel Coward, who's been telling us how he was thrilled by the virility and variety of the theatre in the U.S.A., and how he yearns apparently for the robust, red-blooded sincerity he found over there, etcet., and so on. But talk about robustness, if *that's* what you want, quite lots and heaps to be found at that hearty place of entertainment, the Palladium, in its very newest and latest show, *The Apache*.

卐

A SHADE surprising, is not it, what marvellous things are accomplished by the half-clothed, flat-chested, short-haired, scarlet-lipped, cigarette-smoking nymphs of to-day, as the Gloomy Dean calls them (Inge, I mean, not Basil). Who, according to him, have sacrificed all the charms of their sex and are looked on with "aversion and disapproval" by the elderly man who remembers what girls were in his young days. How quite too terribly sad for 'em, what? But 'tis ever thus, isn't it? and someone's just shown me a book by another wellish-known churchman, Gilbert de Nogent, to wit, who lived in the 11th Century, wherein he remarks how miserably maidenly modesty's fallen off since the last generation, and so on, etcet.

AND in good old Ur of the Chaldees that we used to read about at school, I expect the women were always being denounced by the Deans of their

"Dear old Monks"

day, too, especially seeing as how they've just discovered that in 3,000 B.C. vanity bags were already being worn there, complete with powder and mirrors and combs and all. And here's yet another perfectly good though unclerical writer aged 88 who actually says the modern girl's charming and a great improvement on her mother—so there! Doesn't at all yearn either after the old days, he doesn't, when croquet was a new and immoral sport and a woman would be ostracised right away and cut dead by the county for such an atrocious crime as, for instance, dancing with a married man.

卐

HAD such a lovely lunch at Prince's last week that was positively helped on instead of interrupted by the newest band. The Freid Octette it's called, and pours out soft soothing strains of anything from opera to "That Certain Feeling" with such seductive softness and caressing mellowness (like the local Conté) between those restful great tall windows of the long room, that rich peace envelops you and *vis-à-vis* until you get positively as friendly as—well, say a couple of leading lawyers on opposite sides of a case when they stop calling each other the world's worst criminals (or words to that effect).

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

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"M'Alright"

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"Ah.....!"

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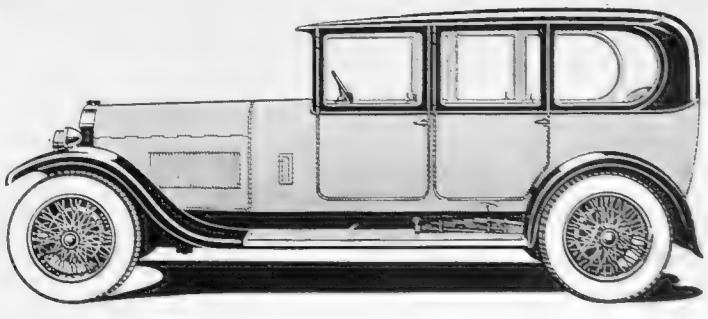

MOTOR NOTES

My sympathies are often with car manufacturers, especially when they are producing a new model. They may take infinite pains in making the engine right, the gear box as efficient as possible, and all the other components to the best of their ability and skill, but it sometimes happens that when the car becomes a complete entity it does not perform as well as it should. To obtain perfect running every part of a car has to work in harmony with every other part, and the greatest problem of the car designer is to obtain this correlation of working of every part. It sometimes happens that when the first few models have been manufactured some slight mechanical change is made in one component which would apparently have little bearing on the running of the rest of the car, but as a result the manufacturer suddenly finds to his joy that instead of producing merely a good car he is then producing a very good car. I know of two or three makers to whom this happy event has occurred

***

The more I drive on wet winter nights the more nerve exhausted I feel at the end, and the reason for the greater proportion of this weariness is to be found in the presence of the tail-lightless cyclist on the road. Few cars on a rainy night give a clear vision to the near-side of the road, that part where most cyclists are to be found. The cyclist, poor fellow, is most probably keeping a certain distance from the edge of the road to escape the puddles which are usually to be found there, and unless one drives in the centre of the road it is impossible to avoid coming up directly behind the cyclist. I do not express any opinions concerning lighted lamps or reflectors, but there should be some indication of the cyclist's presence. It is not a question of speed or lack of lighting on the motorist's part. The most cautious driver proceeding at a crawl owing to poor visibility has often had to stop dead owing to the dark, rain-drenched figure of a cyclist suddenly appearing in front of his mudguard. While on this subject, I would suggest to cyclists that it is not merely sufficient for them to put out their hand before turning across the road, a fact which a short trip in a car would amply demonstrate to them.

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The photograph shows a demonstration of the wonderful stability of the Stutz car. A seat was rigged up 29 feet from the ground, and the car then did a track lap at high speed and also negotiated the artificial series of "bumps" shown in the picture

***

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(*Continued on page* vi)

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WOODWRIGHT

which excited so much attention at the last Olympia Exhibition. The combination of brown coachwork and polished bonnet and dash produced a most striking and pleasing appearance. The comfort provided was, of course, excellent, but it was in the performance of the car that I received a distinct surprise. I had expected something good, but not quite so good as the Crossley provided. The engine was absolutely vibrationless and would run from 3 m.p.h. to nearly 70 m.p.h. on top gear. Its hill-climbing powers on the same gear were also proportionately wide, while the performance on the lower gears enabled extremely rapid hill-climbing to be effected. The gears are commendably quiet and they change easily. The braking system, which is unassisted by any servo mechanism, is extremely good, as heavy pressure is not required to obtain a very powerful braking effect.

***

THE driving of the latest Crossley Six is almost child's play. The steering is so light and the top gear range of the engine so good that one can carry on throughout the whole of the journey with the minimum of trouble and effort. Very good average speeds can be maintained without ever driving the car really fast. The acceleration is so remarkably good, and the brakes so powerful, that very little time is wasted in slowing down and accelerating. Coupled with its fine road performance and notable comfort the Crossley Six is most economical in petrol. The 20-gallon tank at the rear holds sufficient for a run of at least 400 miles, and of this quantity two gallons are trapped by a special tap. The quantity of fuel in the tank is shown by a gauge. Crossley Motors, Ltd., are to be congratulated on their latest product, which ranks with the best cars of this size.

THE SLIDING ROOF

A Chrysler Saloon car fitted with a Pytchley Sliding Roof. The roof is thrown back simply by twisting a knob, and will remain fixed in any position

***

WITH most motorists the battery is out of sight and usually out of mind, and its presence is only brought to notice when some trouble occurs. The fact that trouble is rarely met with is a tribute to the excellence of the modern battery, and the reasons for this reliability and good performance may be appreciated by a visit to one of the big battery works, such as that of C. A. Vandervell & Co., Ltd., at Acton, London, W.3. In principle the storage battery of to-day is identical with that of early days of motoring. It is in the details and the composition of the components that such vast improvements have been made. A visit to the C.A.V. works is of absorbing interest to any battery user, however small his knowledge of electricity may be.

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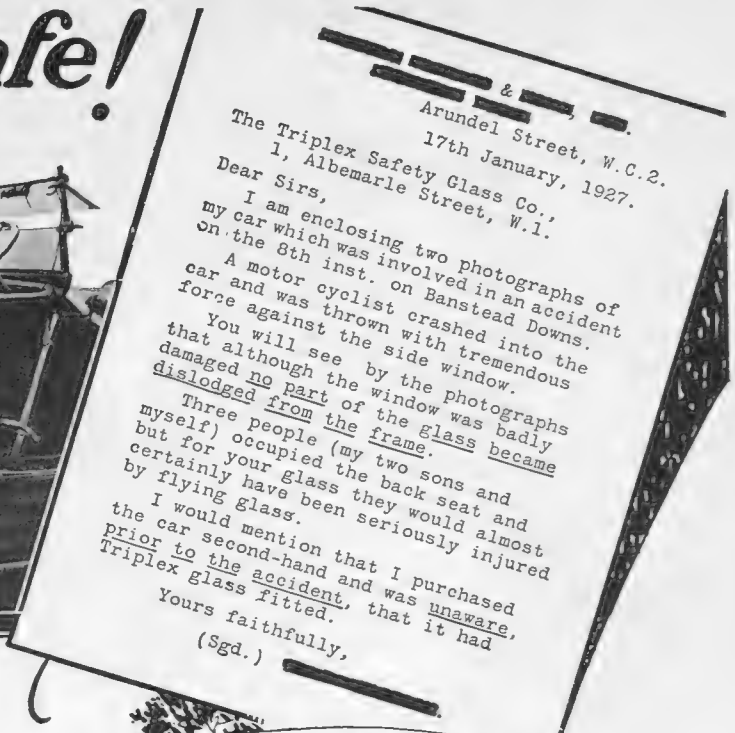

Arundel Street, W.C.2.
17th January, 1927.

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Dear Sirs,

I am enclosing two photographs of my car which was involved in an accident on the 8th inst. on Banstead Downs.

A motor cyclist crashed into the car and was thrown with tremendous force against the side window.

You will see by the photographs that although the window was badly damaged no part of the glass became dislodged from the frame.

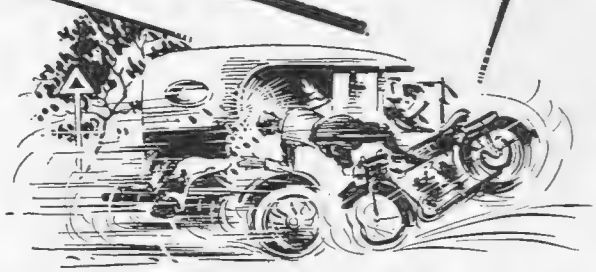
Three people (my two sons and myself) occupied the back seat and but for your glass they would almost certainly have been seriously injured by flying glass.

I would mention that I purchased the car second-hand and was unaware, prior to the accident, that it had Triplex glass fitted.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.)

Fit TripleX and be safe



The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1. also The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America, Inc., 75, West St., New York.

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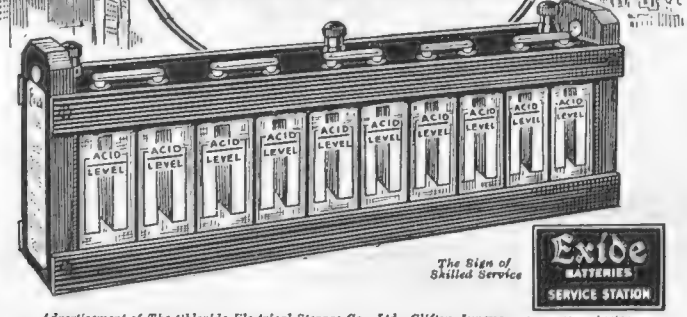

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With Loose Cushions, deep seat, designed for comfort.
£7 19s. 6d.

THE "PARROT BOUGH" CURTAIN

AN effective curtain on "Sun Woof" Antique Satin, in 7 colours,
70/- per pair.

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HIGH STREET CLAPHAM, S.W.4

FASHIONS FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

Impressively dignified is the black reversible bengaline gown shown on the left-hand figure, designed for an older woman. Of powder-blue georgette is the dainty dance frock for a young girl, embroidered with silver sequins. Sketched in the Inexpensive Department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

"She is just a type." How often one hears that comment—a not altogether flattering one—and yet how difficult it is these days not to be one of many. The only things that really emerge through dress are personality and charm. A clever dress designer frequently finds it advisable to dress a woman's mind as well as her body, and the result is invariably a triumph. There is a vast deal more psychology in dress than the majority realise, and the more deeply this is studied the less likely are we to fall into the ruck of a type.

A Supreme Tailoring Test

Those at all conversant with tailoring are aware that only a past-master in the art can build to perfection the severely classical coat and skirt, the utter simplicity of which demands the supreme in cut, fit, and finish. A *maître tailleur* once found is never deserted; which at once accounts for the fame of Mr. Smee, 55, South Molton Street, W. He is a specialist in this type of tailor-made that no power on earth can dislodge from a place in the well-equipped wardrobe. Notwithstanding a steadily increasing *clientèle*, Mr. Smee does all the cutting and fitting himself. So, no matter whether one pays the initial price of six guineas or runs into two figures, according to the cloth employed, there is the same hall-mark of excellence. At that amazingly moderate price of six guineas, for a made-to-measure suit, there is a range of choice in materials, the smart character of which may be gathered from the adjoined sketch, an impressively neat model, the hip-length coat just slightly defining the figure. Mr. Smee makes for many customers, whom he has never seen, from self-measurement forms. His eye and judgment are so highly trained that he can detect at once any small error liable to be made by the careless and inexperienced.

Inexpensive Ready-to-wear Frocks

If anyone can better, or even equal, the value offered in the Inexpensive Department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, the millennium will have arrived. The choice here covers every need and is far too exhaustive to be dealt with in detail, while every single creation stands at the one price of six guineas. For a woman past her first youth there is shown a reversible black silk bengaline, charmingly treated with an oval slit front, adjustable scarf and *motifs* of flat loops of ribbon, to which a relieving touch is imparted by a collar and sleeve *appliqués* of tinted Venetian lace Of powder-blue georgette is the dainty

Here is an example of the classical coat and skirt designed and made to measure by Mr. Smee, 55, South Molton St., for 6 gns.

Sketches by Margo

little dance frock for a young girl, the long, slim corsage embroidered with silver sequins, four *plissé* and *picoted* flounces composing the *jupe*. In no single example is there a hint of cheapness, astonishingly good materials being used, that large sales alone justify. Women coming from abroad with depleted wardrobes are especially advised to make a bee-line for these six-guinea gowns; which they may rest confidently assured will express the latest modes and, consequently, capable of holding their own anywhere.

How to Keep Fit and Retain a Youthful Figure

With men and women alike these days, fitness and form are accounted among the most valuable assets of life. Now the secret of how to obtain, and retain, both has been a life-study with Mr. Abplanalp, 168, Regent Street, W. Briefly, his system is a concentrated form of exercises, exacting merely from five to ten minutes daily, carried out, as may be gathered from the adjoined picture, in conjunction with a simple apparatus that can be easily affixed to any bed- or bathroom wall, or under a window. So long as there is available an expansion of 8½ feet all is well. When not in use this simple contrivance collapses close to the wall, and it is an investment for all time as it is free of perishable adjuncts, such as rubber and springs. All the exercises are undertaken in a horizontal position, and that is a great point, as the effort of the heart is reduced to the lowest possible degree. Furthermore, they are so planned that all the muscles work automatically together. As Mr. Abplanalp explains in his deeply interesting brochure, his method exercises the body as a psychological whole in perfect unity and harmony, so naturally it becomes symmetrical and beautifully proportioned. No one part is sacrificed to the detriment of another. Remarkable results are apparent in a few weeks, especially so in cases of obesity, and without strain or effort; indeed, the immunity from all effort is one of the outstanding features. The method is really more in the nature of rest cure, and has been evolved by one who has a wide knowledge of the science of physiology, hygiene, and medicine. It is held in high esteem by the medical fraternity, for not only is the body toned up, but the internal organs are kept in a healthy functioning condition. Those suffering from poor circulation, a common complaint in this country, will find the Abplanalp exercises invaluable. The breathing is scientifically regulated with the various movements—a point that should appeal to singers, actors, and athletes. Those, again, who necessarily lead sedentary lives will have years of health added by this improved form of home gymnastics. A small child may be safely encouraged to use the apparatus as well as quite elderly men and women. Mr. Abplanalp is always to be seen by appointment at Regent Street, or he will send his brochure post free.

A YOUTHFUL EXPONENT KEEPING FIT BY THE ABPLANALP SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

GUARD YOUR COMPLEXION

Winter with its cold winds is a trying time to the skin, yet a small amount of care will keep it soft and smooth, and free from cracks and dryness.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

should be used regularly as a protection before going out, and as an emollient after exposure. A small quantity rubbed gently over the face, neck, hands, and arms night and morning, and wiped off with a soft towel, smooths and whitens, and gives a perfect complexion.

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THE COMPLEXION

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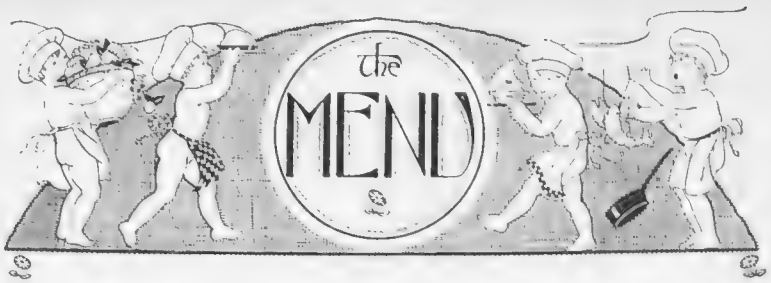

FISH COOKERY

SALMON CUTLETS.—SAUCE TARTARE.
PLAICE À L'ITALIENNE.
LOBSTER CUTLETS.
SOLE À L'INDIENNE.
CASSEROLE OF FISH.

Salmon Cutlets—Sauce Tartare

CUT the slices one inch thick, remove the bone, season each slice with pepper and salt, wrap in a sheet of buttered paper, and boil over a clear fire or gas about a quarter of an hour. For the sauce, beat up the yolks of two eggs, and add a pinch of salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of French vinegar. When well mixed stir in a teaspoonful of made mustard, and also a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a few capers. Chop these also finely, and put into the sauce.

Plaice à l'Italienne

Cover the bottom of a fire-proof dish with some boiled rice well moistened with white sauce. Lay the fillets of plaice on this, with a seasoning of pepper and salt. Put another layer of rice on the top with plenty of sauce poured over it. Sprinkle with grated cheese, and bake in a moderate oven. Tomato sauce can be used instead of white sauce if preferred.

Lobster Cutlets

One small lobster (or tin of lobster), one ounce of butter, quarter of a pint of milk, one ounce of flour, juice of half a lemon, salt, pepper, cayenne, one tablespoonful of cream. Chop the lobster very fine. Cook the flour and butter (without discolouring) in a saucepan, add the milk, and stir until it boils. To this add the lobster, lemon juice, cream, and seasoning. Mix thoroughly. Spread on a greased plate, and cut into eight triangular pieces, forming them into cutlets, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry a golden brown.

Sole à l'Indienne

Fry the soles in the usual way (lemon soles or fillets of plaice will answer equally well). The Indienne Sauce is made of melted butter mixed with pickles and the liquor of the piccalilli. Put this round the fish, and garnish with chopped gherkins and capers.

Casserole of Fish

Roll up some small fillets of sole. Put them in an earthenware casserole dish with some tomatoes, peppercorns, and a very small onion, flavour with salt and pepper, and cover with the stock; place in a moderate oven for half an hour, remove the gravy, strain it and thicken it, and add half a wineglassful of sherry. Pour on to the fish in the casserole, and heat for ten minutes in the oven. Serve in the casserole. This is a very good luncheon dish.

EMILIA.

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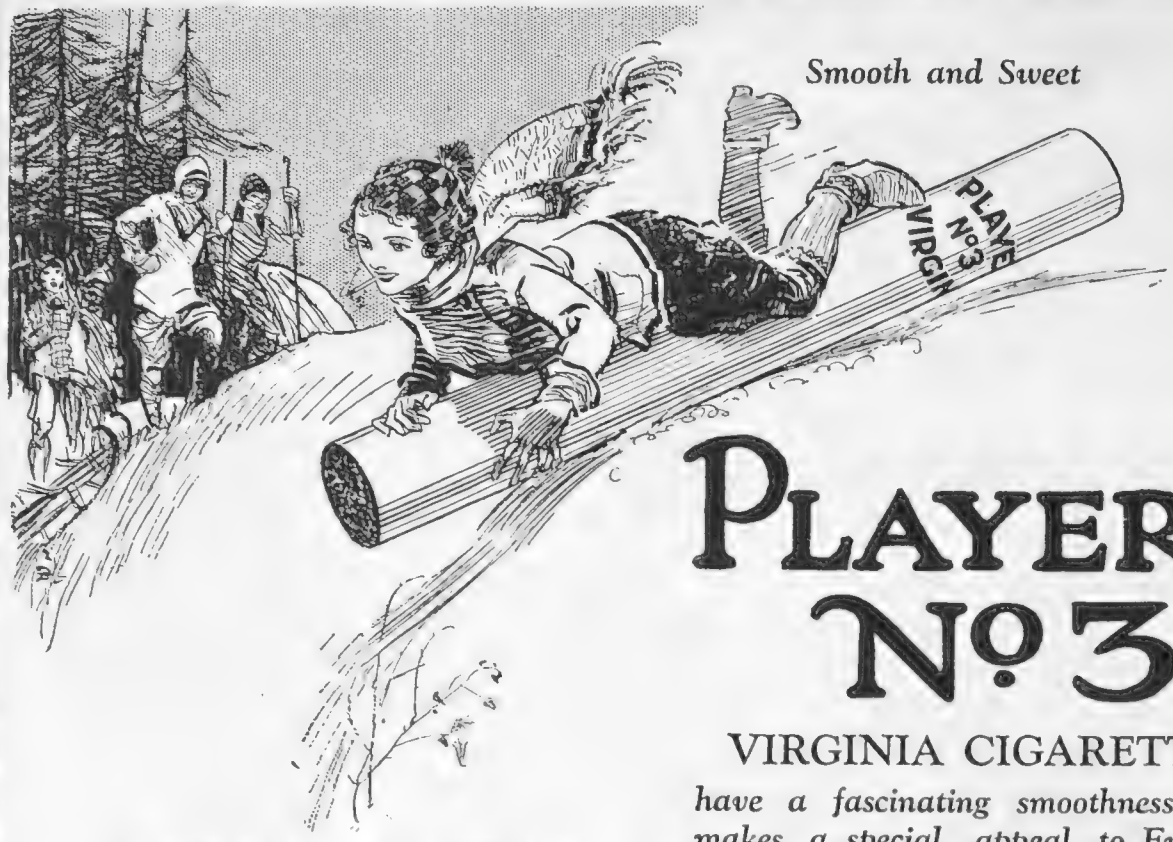

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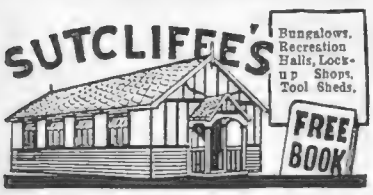

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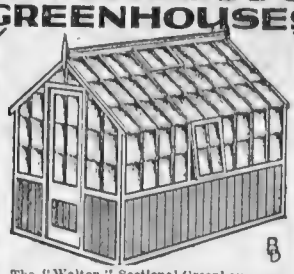

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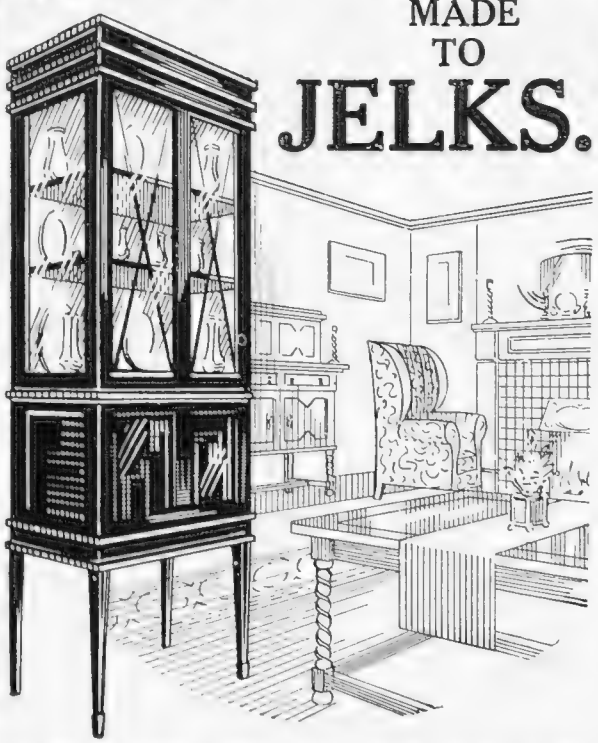

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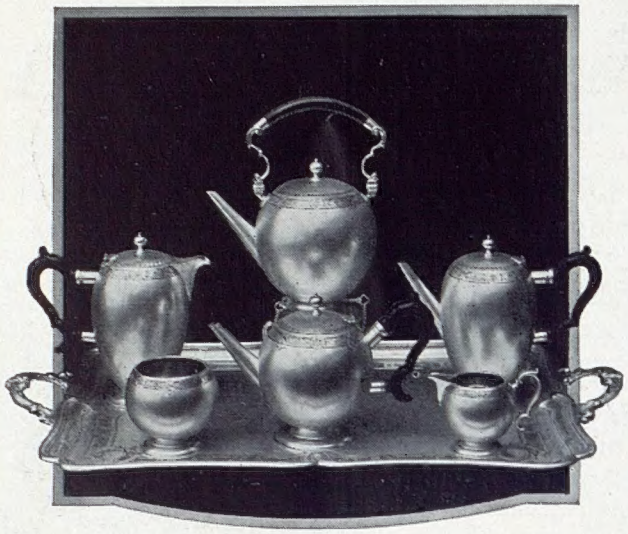

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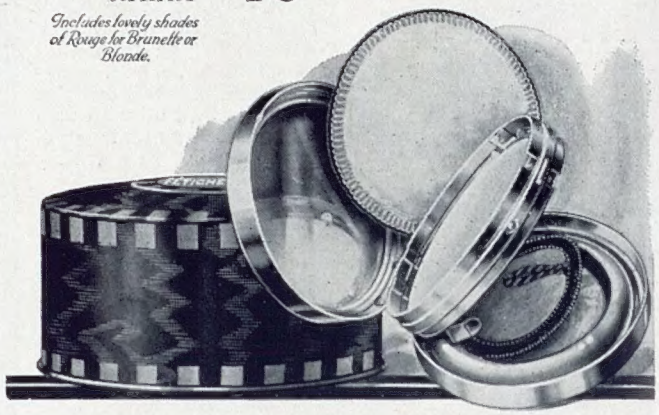

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